THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, June 2, 1926 | Number 4

CONTENTS

The Proper Study of Mankind..... 85
Week by Week 87
The Fad of Motion..... 90
The Pope and Central Europe..... 91
Poland and Pilsudski.....Charles Phillips 92
The Beggar of the Eucharist.....
Thomas M. Schwertner 94
City Storm (*verse*)....Lilian White Spencer 96
Latin and Mass Education.....
Francis P. Donnelly 97
The Pied Brothers' Pensioner.....
Helen Parry Eden 99
The Siddons of Spain.....Thomas Walsh 101
Communications 102
The Play.....R. Dana Skinner 104
Giants (*verse*).....Daniel Sargent 105
Books .....Ernest Sutherland Bates, Henry Longan Stuart, Paul Crowley, Henrietta Dana Skinner 106
The Quiet Corner..... 111

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND

THE young graduate's impression of the universe in its relation to himself is not so equalizing as it may once have been. In fact, perhaps the majority of those who have left, or will shortly leave, college this year are a little too contemptuous of the dignity which education has conferred on them. They suffer, as we all do—we from whom our machines gallop away uncontrolled—from inhibitions suggested by the vast complexity of the universe which science and thought have flung before the mind. Therefore, one may not unsalutarily turn to the grandiose vision of a new Rome which Mussolini has placed before the consciousness of Italy. It will probably never be fully realized—one must make allowance for Caesarian eloquence—but the fact that men are brave enough to entertain a purposive dream of restored traditional glory is, in its own way, an event quite as stimulating as a cup of wine.

When Signor Mussolini spoke, Michelangelo had been dead almost four hundred and fifty years. With the help of closed eyes and a dim light (having carefully forgotten the day's news) one can realize a little of what those figures mean—the rushing of busy centuries after the day when the great Petrine dome first rose like a sun over the seven eternal hills. This dome was the last complete artistic synthesis of mankind's career, grouping hopes and realizations in stone that throbs spiritually. Since then we have struggled pretty hard for existence; we have got hold of continents and the strength of nature; and there are more of us than there were. But we have never had an opportunity to watch another Michelangelo. No man has managed to bring us to a halt for a searching spiritual inspection.

Manifestly, if anything is characteristic of us, it is dissatisfied restlessness. We feel that we have not finished, cannot finish, a task. It is assumed that whatever we think, do, or say, somebody will turn up shortly with a neater version of the matter. The scientist suspects that a law upon which he prides himself will be humbled tomorrow; and even our delight in Homer is marred by the expectancy—the wholly irrelevant expectancy—that next week we shall discover that a different Greek was the author of Homer. What does this mean excepting that, tacitly and unaware, we have been corrupted by the antique poison of the doctrine of change? Whatever modern names and degrees the dark Democritus may assume, he makes us dance to the same old tune of "progress."

Ruskin, who had dreamed over the carven stone of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michelangelo and all Italy, saw this state of mind approaching when he said of Darwin: "It is every man's duty to know what he is, and not to think of the embryo that he was, nor the skeleton that he shall be . . . [Darwin] has collected, in the train of him, every impudent imbecility in Europe, like a comet wagging its tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars." This speech was somewhat poetic and vehement, but, like so much of what Ruskin had to say it was true. Failure to live out the human moment—however frail and transitory it may be—is a violation of life's spiritual law. The idea that mere acquiescence in the counsels of nature, growth and mutation, will develop men is simply a stupid idea. And yet it is trumpeted by the army of those who, in the words of the Oxford student of long ago, "Represent throughout the land, the second-rate at second-hand."

It has been listened to, during periods of wakefulness, by those who have just left college. They have heard the prairie sage learnedly opine that "without the theory of evolution many of the humanities would be fatally distorted." Take care of your ductless glands, a highly degreed physiologist has said to them, and you will take care of your personality. Modern democracy, the demagogue has again and again wheezily opined, is the golden and inevitable child of fallen political systems, and therefore beyond good and evil. And the social dreamer, as he appears on the platform, is too often a person who forgets that, as Miss Agnes Repplier reminds us, "it is as revolting to be robbed by a reformer as by a trust." The fundamental negation made by all these people is a negation of discipline. They affirm a miracle which never happened, the development of reason through physical law; they deny the one great miracle which humanity can really perform—the miracle of raising itself by its own spiritual bootstraps.

The youthful voyager into intellectual life may profitably turn to see an exemplification of this miracle by Michelangelo. The great Roman looks out boldly upon the wake of time because he was the captain of a great inherited cargo. People used to remark, of course, that the renaissance was a new thing; we now see only too well that it was really the end of a new thing—the finale of Europe's joyful recovery of its culture, which began before the Normans came to England and scarcely took breath until it was choked in the grapple with religious revolution. It is significant that we term this culture the "Humanities," a beautiful old word which means precisely what it says. There is something in man which sickens when he merges himself in nature. Round about us are vast oceans in which we can swim with exhilaration, but they are not the seas which circle the globe. Our proper elemental infinity is within—the multitudinous seas which, in the course of centuries, have been explored by the spirit. And the greatest error to which a groping mind can be exposed in our time is, in more ways than one, a confusion of infinities.

The proper task of man is, of course, to escape from the unknown, even in himself. It requires steady, patient work of the kind which the farmer does in his fields, or the saint in his cell. It may be termed, in contrast with unregulated naturalistic change, the disciplined "evolution" of ourselves. The great social and religious maxims which have been established by Christendom are merely the normal rules of scientific human farming. We, who are pledged to reverence a long sequence of human achievements, are more than a little afraid that weeds will sprout in a field which is confidently turned over to the sun. We have a suspicion that a mankind which does not muster itself into an army may turn out to be only a crowd of bad boys. And there are at least a few plain details of fact which seem to indicate that we may be right.

One of these details, and a rather impressive one, is stressed by Professor Phillimore, one of the most distinguished of contemporary British humanists, in an address destined for some of those who went from college a few years back. "Men of letters," he writes, "have never bowed the knee to the great eighteenth-century placitum of continual human progress. Least of all we now who have seen a ghost. We have lived through a decennium in which there has been felt, and there may still be felt—with a cold shudder—the plain pointblank possibility, undreamed of for centuries, of the crippling, the senescence, the extinction of civilization, as the subtle, restless, fanatical enemies of Europe exploit and develop the strains and cracks caused by the great war." Yes, there is something in that. The gentlemen of Petrograd, so calmly devoted to snuffing out the lives of crowds, have been the world's foremost apostles of "social evolution." It may be chilling, but it is after all not unhygienic, to reflect that a mankind which has been wreathing itself in so many clouds of pink smoke, might conceivably wake up some morning to discover nothing left of the complacent festival but very brittle charcoal.

The young graduate may hesitate to express himself about many things, but there is a fundamental choice that he cannot leave undecided. He must make up his mind about which way he is going—with "nature" and its protagonists, or with man and mankind's hopes. And so may he remember that it is as easy to drape mother nature with theories as to plant theatre placards in front of a forest. The depthless silence of the earth does not complain. But no one has ever pinned a durable fiction on the human race. Sooner or later it turns again to the shrines it has builded on the everlasting hills, knowing that its place, though perilous and confined, is apart from zephyrs and mountain snows, in the house of its fathers. In so far as the newly equipped pilgrim to life realizes this abiding salutary habit of mankind, he is prepared for his exhilarating voyage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

DURING its first sessions, the preliminary Disarmament Conference has done a lot of talking, the chief effect of which seems to be a universal broadcasting of the question: "Will there be anything but talk?" Before becoming too sceptical, one ought to bear in mind that the conference will have rendered a very helpful service if it succeeds merely in arriving at an accurate definition of armament. In how far is preparation for war scientific in character? What is the rôle of standing armies and navies? To what extent may the "staying power" of a nation be considered "potential" military power? Once these things have been determined, it remains to be seen what aspects of them can be regulated by international and League agreements. No doubt the moral attitude of the peoples represented at the conference will go far toward promoting achievement in the interests of peace; but only clear, practical, resolute statesmanship can effect the compromises upon which the actual military relations between governments will depend.

MOST observers of the proceedings have emphasized the marked divergency between British and French views of the problem. It would be ridiculous to deny the importance of the disagreement here indicated—a disagreement rooted in the historical circumstances of military defense. But far more important, it seems to us, are the dogged manoeuvres for superior position now being carried out by continental powers. Upon them Mr. Hugh Gibson, faithful to the instructions inculcated by the Washington government, showered the dicta that regional accords in the spirit of Locarno are feasible and that the world cannot wait until a firm guarantee of international security has been underwritten. But, obviously, the carefulness of powers whose sovereignty or interests are menaced is hardly likely to give way to unprotected magnanimity until the word "peace" becomes something very much more steadfast than an illusion. So far, the French have had their way with Germany, and are not likely to concede the advantage. Nor is the unsettled condition of eastern Europe the best augury for the end of drill or rust on equipment.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the disastrousness of modern warfare lies not in the number of troops which can be put into the field nor in the adequacy of ultra-modern equipment. These things, so decisive in the early Prussian wars, were put to the test and found wanting after 1914. Bernhardi and Von Goltz, firm believers in both as deciding factors, were proved wholly erroneous in their conviction that the struggle of Europe could be decided in ninety days. What creates, because it establishes the longevity of, contemporary warfare is the grant of credits to fighting nations. The ability to borrow money and so to pledge to beyond the verge of exhaustion the resources of a people, is the heart of the military machine in action. If the recent war has taught us any lesson it is this: loans granted for military purposes are contributions toward victory, and are never fully recoverable. What if the world decided to profit by this lesson? The rule that neutrality would be violated by furnishing financial aid to a belligerent nation might prove a very effective barrier to the declaration of war.

GRANTED the League's right to determine whether a particular sovereign state had violated international ethics in ordering a mobilization of its forces, Geneva might go very far toward arranging the outcome of the struggle. Time and time again, American statesmen have demanded that their government refuse to authorize loans to belligerent countries. They have been actuated in this as much by economic conservatism as by a desire to outlaw war. And certainly the fortunate wealth of the United States is obvious proof of the fact that, whenever conflicts take place on a vast scale, the sinews of armament will be recruited here. Perhaps the hour has not yet come for decided emphasis on this aspect of the problem. And then again, perhaps it has. In a world ruled by credit, it may be that credit will become the umpire between hostile battalions.

M. HENRY BERENGER'S speech at the recent banquet tendered to him by the France-American Society prior to his departure for home, raised no very new or very striking points in the tangled debt situation. But it did a sterling service to good relations between the people of the two countries concerned in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

salving certain facts and nailing them, so to speak, in a position where it will be more difficult for misconception to overtake them a second time. One of these misconceptions is that the average French citizen is taxed more lightly than the American. A memorandum drawn up by M. Berenger, based on unassailable figures and distributed among members of Congress, proves that he is taxed just twice as highly, although the wealth of France is about one-sixth that of the United States. Another concerns the charge, heard so often, that France is spending on her armed forces money which should be applied to the reduction of her indebtedness. The same memorandum shows that France's military expenditure is less today than in the years preceding the war, and that many of the charges she has to meet are due to the nature of the mandates which were assigned to her by the general settlement of Versailles.

MOST important of all, the occasion, and notably the speech by the society's president, Mr. William D. Guthrie, prove that there is a large body of sentiment in this country for whom Senator Borah is not the spokesman, and who view a sour and grudging attitude toward France's difficulties in the matter of speedy settlement as something lower than true political wisdom, as "hog-sense" in only a too literal acceptance of the term. When Mr. Guthrie reminds us that "the greatest part of the debt in question was advanced, received and expended in contemplation and expectancy that the common enemy would be forced to pay full reparation and indemnity," he puts his finger on the sore point that is envenoming all discussion and comment in France. That France was immeasurably the greater material sufferer through the war, no one attempts to deny, and the tragedy becomes all the greater from the fact that, inevitably, ruin had to be wrought by both friend and foe.

THE nature of the considerations that withheld her from exacting reparation by the forcible means so well within her power at the time, has sometimes been questioned. But no one who recalls the language used by responsible British statesmen during the brief honeymoon of triumph can honestly deny that, if an undertaking to base her payments on German payments was not written into any treaty, it presided over the spirit in which the treaties were accepted. For these treaties, it is true, America is not responsible. But her share in the victory that made them possible is a matter of fact. Her determination that peace should be a peace by negotiation was based upon it. These things create, to use Mr. Guthrie's well-chosen phrase, "a weighty equity," and he is voicing the feeling of the better part of the nation when he pleads that they should have all their weight if the necessity arises of revaluing France's capacity to pay in a "generous spirit of fair play."

THE result of the recent Pennsylvania elections is one more proof that liquor regulation is as much an element of politics as ever. Whatever the enforcement agencies of Volsteadism may have accomplished, they have not legalized their principle. Once again the "wets" and "drys" are as solidly in hostile array as two bands of unfriendly desert Moors. It was sufficient for a canny politician like Mr. Vare to see how little the average voter was pleased with the wholesale inspection of cellars which has recently been considered moral progress. The rest followed easily and naturally—even the almost gaudy numerical figures by which an able senatorial veteran, Mr. Pepper, was informed of the people's will. Many will regret the event, in so far as the two men are concerned. It is true that the successful nominee has so far been distinguished for little excepting an ability to increase the number of passengers on his band-wagon; but the future may bring out unsuspected gifts for statesmanship in this big and burly defender of liberty. That possibility ought to encourage the administration leaders who were, quite undiplomatically, not averse to giving Pennsylvania a little advice about voting.

QUITE apart from the merits of Mr. Vare, however, the coming political campaigns lie under the shadow of candidates whose only public merit is friendliness with the foes of prohibition. It seems almost as though anybody—we had almost said any nobody—astute enough to declare in favor of wine and beer can rush into office to the tune of loud huzzas. Obviously, this reaction may carry the country back to the worst of the repudiated evils of the ancient liquor régime. We have said before, and need merely repeat now, that the settlement of the problem of drink depends upon what can be done to make those who minister to this human need as reputable and law-abiding as any other class of servants to the public. The danger now—a danger largely contingent, of course, upon the excesses of the puritanical negators who sponsored the Eighteenth Amendment—is that we shall drift back into a virtual bar-rail trade which will be the curse of thousands of pauperized families. For those who are interested in settling the liquor problem rightly, the time to take salutary steps is now. Repudiation of Volsteadism will come of itself, inevitably; the thing to be done is to make what follows Volsteadism less sinister and uncivilized.

IF the President's weird order directing that state, county, and municipal servants of the law may be impressed to serve the Treasury Department as watch-dogs and bloodhounds in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment had been proclaimed in any other country, we should doubtless be commenting upon it as new evidence of the progress of Fascismo. As things stand, it is merely an irritating and ridiculous clause in the confession of impotence which has slowly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been formulated by the uncandid drys. Why not say frankly that the federal forces are unable to enforce the prohibitory measure? If the object is to frighten California—against which the presidential mandate is primarily directed—it might have been more feasible to organize the Marines under the austere leadership of General Butler. So martial a course would even have been less scornful of the growing popular conviction that the first duty of the police, employed by more or less self-governing communities, is to prevent the accidental goings-off of pistols, and the attempts, by amateur speed-demons, to burn the highway in nothing flat. More seriously, this assumption that the federal government is automatically empowered to pin its own button on every local uniform might, if it were carefully developed, lead to the same kind of systematized bureaucracy which has so long edified France. We do not, however, feel that it will lead to any such thing. The President, by casually signing an order, viséd by his conscientious Attorney-General, on an afternoon when the call of Vermont was particularly strong, has pushed us all a mile or two further toward the repudiation of badly bungled legality. He merely admitted with a flourish of the pen that what we have all been saying is quite true—that the Treasury Department, or any other department, will solve the problem of prohibition only when everybody on the census lists is willing to bury his or her last dead soldier with unctuous finality.

THE affectation of regarding Wall Street as the ne plus ultra of materialism, and any connection with it as excluding all suspicion of idealism in politics, is very stubborn—especially among men whose minds were undergoing the formative process when the Rooseveltian phrase, "malefactors of great wealth," rang like a trumpet-call through the land. It is all the more satisfactory, therefore, to have Mr. James J. Phelan, a financial figure for whom Wall Street is very much native air, declaring his faith in young men in politics and scoring the pessimism that is too common a resort when discouraging symptoms (for which youth, by the way, can hardly be held responsible) are noted. The text of Mr. Phelan's speech at a luncheon tendered him in Dublin, and which was attended not only by official members of the Free State government but by others representing opposition groups, does not seem to have been published here. But its general tenor may be gathered from the Irish Statesman's comment upon his visit to the country of which he is so firm a friend. "Mr. Phelan . . . scouts the pessimism which just now is so fashionable among us. In private conversation he insisted that a country which was rescued from political chaos by a group of almost unknown young men, possesses sources of energy that require only to be released to accomplish as notable things in economics." There is no reason to believe Mr. Phelan mistaken.

AS a pendant to Mr. Phelan's impression of things in the newest of the British commonwealths, it may be added that more hopeful news comes from Ulster regarding the alleged reluctance of the northern Parliament to align itself with the British Parliament and make a clean sweep of Catholic disabilities that linger from penal days. Mr. Craig's comment upon the statement that it was the intention of Ulster to cling to these outworn relics of persecution and its authority was guarded in the extreme. The northern Premier merely stated that "the bill had not yet been the subject of negotiations," and that a clause contained in the Government of Ireland bill, which constituted the Six-County Parliament, already removed "all Catholic disabilities." The mere fact that a special act has been found necessary to repeal them outside of Ulster six years later, throws a doubtful light on this view. An "English Unionist Member of Parliament" has declared his intention of moving that northern Ireland be included in the new relief measures, when the situation can hardly escape elucidation once and for all. In any case, it is to be feared that, until a new spirit reigns among the dominant party in the North, where a third of the population is at present not represented by a single Catholic high legal official, legislative measures of relief really possess only an academic interest.

THE annual report of the Ladies of Charity, who serve the poor of New York City under the direction of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, is inspiring for other reasons than the great diversity of good works it summarizes; but this diversity impresses the observer as unusually important. It indicates the room for every kind of service and the need for enlisting in the endeavor of social mercy all possible forms of strength and talent. During the past year, the Ladies of Charity maintained fifty-three parish centres, committees of women from which visited "every hospital and home in the Bronx, making weekly calls on the men and women in the wards, and remembering every patient with a gift at Christmas and Easter"; they supported Saint Eleanora's Home for convalescents, Tally-Ho Rest which affords week-end vacations to poor girls, the Catholic Centre for the Blind, the Young Women's Club, and two settlements; and it would require a more lengthy summary than we can give here to describe the work they have been doing on Welfare Island, and the praiseworthy activities of the League of Catholic women.

AN especially interesting work is that of the "Big Sisters," upon which the secretary, Miss Teresa R. O'Donohue, comments as follows: "Conditions are changing in the city and it taxes the best mental and physical efforts of the Big Sisters to carry on their work. All of one's being must be devoted to the task of bringing these children—and often their careless

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents—back to the Divine source of strength. At present, 757 children are under the care of the Big Sisters. During the past year, their work has been extended to more families, and preventive care has kept 630 cases out of court." Indeed, the work is heavy and often disappointing. It needs the constant encouragement of all, and interested help from everyone who can be of assistance. New York's organization might well be a model for similar bodies elsewhere.

THE Cardinal-Archbishop of Boston occupies a position sufficiently prominent to attract the attention of all Americans. From time to time, he has taken advantage of this authoritative eminence to give counsel about the affairs of the nation, and to strengthen the prestige of the Catholic body. The prerogatives of office cannot, however, account for the affection of a very personal sort which is felt toward him by the citizens of his diocese and by all who have appreciated his interest in the nobler forms of civic and religious endeavor. Fittingly enough, the recent occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as a bishop was graced by a universal and spontaneous tribute of love. To the letters and addresses of felicitation which reached Cardinal O'Connell in such large numbers on that day, we wish to add our own word of gratitude for his manly enthusiasm for the arts, the work of literature and journalism, and the whole of what one may term traditional Christian culture. No man has been more kindly toward those who have tried, in whatever fashion, to make civilization more worthy of humanity.

THE FAD OF MOTION

THE Bureau of Industrial Technology recently published its estimate that this country's automobile bill, including cost of cars, insurance, upkeep, gasoline, etc., amounts to more than $14,000,000,000 a year. The money cost does not, by any means, represent all that we pay for the privilege of motoring. We sacrificed more than twelve thousand lives to the automobile last year, and every day we sacrifice the normal use of our city streets. The importance we have attributed to the machinery of movement is monumental. Nothing at all like it has happened in human history. Men have always had their special enthusiasms; this one is so peculiarly ours that it tells a good deal about us, and may serve as a standard of comparison between ourselves and people of other times.

There was, for example, the enthusiasm for cathedral building which marked the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It touched, to a greater or lesser extent, all the people of the communities concerned, and involved a huge expenditure of effort and treasure, which some have considered wasteful. There is now being built in this country a cathedral which will stand about seventh in size of all the churches in the world, and its cost will be between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000. Of course, building of this sort is far more expensive now than it was when most of the European cathedrals were built, but, even at present costs, we could provide each of a thousand cities and towns with a cathedral as expensive as the one mentioned for what we spend on automobiles in one year. The cathedral, under ordinary conditions, should be good for a thousand years. Twenty years from now, this year's crop of automobiles will be rust.

The work of building and furnishing the cathedrals provided the best of training and experience for stonemasons, stone-cutters, sculptors, carpenters, wood-carvers, painters, organ-builders, glass-workers, weavers, dyers, tapestry-makers, embroiderers, illuminators, jewelers, and craftsmen in gold, silver, bronze, lead, iron, slate, leather, etc.; and the work of a large proportion of these required personal thought, taste, and skill of a high order. It was work in which a normal human being might well take interest and find pleasure. The work of making automobiles is done chiefly by machinery devised and controlled by a number of comparatively insignificant persons, the bulk of those employed being machine-tenders, doing routine work which gives little or no scope for human interest or development. It is said that in the Ford plants the usual workman is expected to learn in a week, or less, all that he needs to know about his job.

The cathedral had to do with man's deepest interests. It represented and expressed his thoughts and feelings about his place in time and in eternity, his ultimate destiny, his supreme loyalty. It stimulated and nourished moral growth, spiritual exaltation, aesthetic delight, religious consolation, civic pride. It touched intimately the sacred matters of birth, youth, marriage, sorrow, death. It was the centre or background for fêtes, pageants, games, fairs, town-meetings, and all sorts of community activities.

What are the important special enrichments that the automobile brings us, and for which we are willing to pay so dearly? The mere matter of carrying people and goods from place to place is surely not important enough to bulk so large in our economy. A few years ago, our great cities carried on without automobiles, and today Berlin, for example, with 4,000,000 people and vast business, uses very few of them. One must confess to a doubt that interest and delight in nature are better served by being whisked along a crowded highway than they are by a walk in the woods.

Can it be that this huge movement is not an intelligent effort to achieve a profoundly desired end, but rather a fad, followed because others are following it? Can it be that what the automobile provides is an escape from the necessity of facing the problem of existence, of making up our minds what life is about, and how we are getting on with it? Can it be that we are paying so much for rapid movement, to get the illusion that we are going somewhere?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POPE AND CENTRAL EUROPE

THE complex cultural life of the nations into which the old Austro-Hungarian empire was divided quite baffles American attempts to understand it. Here the roots of political and social action are embedded in a tangled traditionalism as well as in the sudden appearance of national autonomy; and it is difficult to avoid confusing the plans of one statesman with those of another, or to separate clearly popular ambitions which are sometimes mutually hostile.

In so far as the status of religion is concerned, however, one may generalize and say that the most important issue in Central Europe has been the establishment of relations with the Holy See. The long existing concordat with the Hapsburg rulers had been abruptly broken off, and something like religious chaos had followed. It is not easy to fathom and describe chaos; but the first scholarly attempt by a Catholic—an attempt summed up in part six of Friedrich von Lama's Papst und Kurie, earlier issues of which have been noticed in The Commonweal—will really enlighten and guide those who are interested in the world which has followed the great war. Naturally, some readers may object to certain conclusions posited by this historian, or feel that the flavor of his own nationalism occasionally artificializes what he has to say, but the work is, on the whole, so circumspect and authoritative that it far surpasses in value all previous efforts to deal with the same theme, various as they have been in outlook and authority.

Von Lama begins his story with an account of the situation in Czecho-Slovakia which, being typical of the state of affairs existing elsewhere in Central Europe, can profitably be summarized here. The signature of the peace treaties was a kind of signal for a destructive laisser-aller. "The break-up of traditional forms and bonds," says von Lama, "affected people with a kind of intoxication which, in these new republics, was not without its influence upon a portion of the clergy. Exaggerated nationalism, irritation at the existing system for conferring benefices, and a moral laxity that had spread during the years of conflict, led in many instances to the disparagement of vows; and simultaneously the revolutionists had broken to bits venerable shrines, placing the red flag in the niches where the Virgin had stood. The new minister of education ordered the suspension of religious exercises in the schools, and there was made manifest a general rebellion against all spiritual authority and custom."

Czecho-Slovakia, like Mexico, happened to be predominately a Catholic country. Ten millions out of a total population of 13,000,000 were in fealty to the Holy See. But almost immediately after the foundation of the republic, a struggle set in, primarily because many priests joined the organization known as the Jednota, which had for its chief purpose the nationalization of the Church in Czecho-Slovakia. Under the leadership of a modernistic religious, such things as dispensation from celibacy, a vernacular liturgy, cremation, discarding the breviary, and the rehabilitation of John Huss were demanded. The movement was strongly supported by the government, for reasons which will come home to anyone who considers carefully the import of exaggerated nationalism and who remembers the origins of various oriental state churches.

Rome's answer was positive and remedial. Pope Benedict XV declared simply: "We are ready to meet all legitimate desires entertained by the people; what is not legitimate will not be granted." And later on there came an emphatic condemnation of the effort to do away with celibacy, as well as an interdict against the Jednota. The Vatican contented itself with appointing to the important sees bishops of befitting nationality and sufficient vigor, and through them and the Nuncio did all it could to intensify Catholic religious life and to strengthen the defense of the Faith against attacks. These came fast and heavily. First, what threatened to become a violent schism raged itself out and became mere impotent bickering; secondly, the "away from Rome" movement, fostered by the government, grew and did as much as it could to disrupt the cultural unity of the populace; and third, the "feast" of John Huss became something like an occasion for rallying whatever forces were anti-religious. During all this troubled time, both the native clergy and the official representative of the Papacy were subjected to a very real persecution. Even at present no one can speak of peace. But von Lama optimistically concludes his review of the situation by quoting the recent statement of the Protestant professor of theology, Dr. Hromatka: "At the very time when the Orient is losing all significance, the Catholic Occident is gloriously gaining prestige. Piety is once more being fostered and enlivened by new religious orders. It is indeed an age of holy men, who despise themselves, who curb their passions in an heroic manner, and who know how to battle against revolting, indifferent, and slothful souls. Catholic theology is master of its task: it is explaining to the intellect the noble truths of revelation, and it is coördinating the things of earth—of science and society—with the things which transcend time." These are brave and hopeful words, paradoxical as the sceptical mind may find them.

The story of Czecho-Slovakia is therefore not a pleasant one, but is rich in heroic materials. What its people have accomplished is satisfactory ground for the belief that they have within themselves the power to rise superior to bewildering changes, and to conserve their best spiritual traditions. The share of the Papacy in the work of reconstruction reveals itself as human and noble in every detail—as, indeed, the action in which the grace of God has guided the "Shepherd of the World."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND AND PILSUDSKI

By CHARLES PHILLIPS

(Years of intimate association with Polish citizens, among whom he worked as a member of the American Red Cross Commission, enable Mr. Charles Phillips to treat authoritatively of Marshal Pilsudski, whom he has known personally, and of the general background which he has discussed in The New Poland. This article will be followed, in a forthcoming issue of The Commonweal, with a paper by Professor Robert H. Lord, who served as American civilian representative on the first Interallied Commission to Poland and who has been honored with a degree from the University of Lemberg for his studies in Polish history and culture.—The Editors.)

ANYONE who has seen Poland in the throes of war and who has witnessed the self-sacrificing efforts of the Polish people to save and rehabilitate their ravaged country, cannot escape a heart-pull at hearing news of new disasters there. Yet, at the same time, anyone who knows Poland cannot be altogether surprised at the turn of events revealed by the recent Pilsudski coup. Sooner or later, given the strong personality of this popular leader, the internal conditions of the country, and the nature of the people and their political heritage, this coup was inevitable. Whether it result in good or ill, time only can tell.

The internal conditions of the Poland of today, and the nature of the Polish people, can be discussed together. It is the nature of the people that in large measure has produced those conditions; and that nature is in equal measure due to the political heritage of the country. This is not, of course, to lose sight of the geographical factor; but of that all that need be said just here is to reiterate the obvious fact that Poland is the most unhappily situated country in the world, a wide-open prairie land, without any natural frontiers east or west, and with two hostile and dominating countries for neighbors, Germany and Russia. It was this unfortunate situation, coupled with the still more unfortunate lack of unity among the Poles, that led to the original tragedy of the Polish partitions 150 years ago; and of the two factors, the geographical was obviously the more decisive one, as is witnessed by the fact that where Poland has natural frontiers—that is, in the south, where the Carpathians cut her off from Roumania and Hungary—there Poland has friends, not enemies, for neighbors.

The lack of unity among the Polish people is fundamentally the result of a racial trait. They are Slavs; which means that they are highly idealistic, highly imaginative, and highly individualistic. The very characteristics which make the Poles the most interesting and romantic people in Europe are the same characteristics which make them politically weak. And this inherent weakness has been accentuated by generations of alien rule under which political initiative was crushed and political inertia nourished. It is too soon yet, within the few years since Poland's restoration in 1919, to expect such a people to be politically united or politically strong. All the more so when we consider the fact that during the century and a half of the partitions, in spite of the fact that the disembodied soul of Polish nationality lived on, the three parts, Russian, German, and Austrian, inevitably were stamped with the image and color of the life that dominated them; so that, though Poles did most miraculously remain Poles through it all, the "Russian" Pole, "German" Pole, and "Austrian" Pole, became, nevertheless, fairly distinct entities, each with his own ingrained suspicion of the power that ruled him and his own sectional outlook on the fears of his brother Poles.

Given, then, a people without political experience, an idealistic people set down, and divided, between hostile nations without any natural frontiers to protect them; place these people in a position of sudden new freedom, out of which the most complicated problems must inevitably arise; and add the factor of a leader like Pilsudski, who is not only a military genius and an ardent patriot, but likewise a "sectional" Pole, and you will have, sooner or later, some such situation as the present.

Throughout the first stages of Poland's post-war reconstruction, when, under Paderewski's magic hand, she was reassembling herself after over a century of partitions, the figure of Pilsudski was omnipresent; in the foreground most of the time; latterly, during the past three years, in the background; but never absent. He is a strong man. Whether one sympathizes or not with all his actions, his strength must be admitted. Those who witnessed his famous invasion of Bolshevik Russia in 1920, and the colossal failure of that attempt of his to set up a barrier of small protective anti-Russian states along Poland's eastern frontier, had the knowledge of his invincible strength driven home to them. For, though he failed, and apparently brought his country to the last verge of ruin, he did not go down. He stood, and he "came back." It was at that time that he uttered his classic phrase, in response to the cry, "All is lost!"—"All is lost—except Poland."

Poland was not lost. Thanks to the consciousness of her inherent strength, to which Paderewski had awakened her; thanks to the heroism of Haller's volunteer army and the help of France, she was saved; and in the long event Pilsudski's eastern drive proved to be a large factor in her salvation. For, though his invasion of Russia seemed to have been the cause precipitating the Bolshevik attack, as a matter of fact that invasion was the deciding factor in defeating the red

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armies, through the simple expedient of removing the field of conflict to an exhausting distance from the objective, Warsaw. Thus it was that Pilsudski, though under a cloud, really "came back." And it was then that he exercised his best wisdom and foresight, by withdrawing to the background of affairs; by refusing to stand for the presidential office in the first election; and by virtually retiring when the office of Chief of State, which he had held under the provisional government, ceased to exist.

He was sagacious in that. But he was only biding his time for renewed action. During the years from 1914 on, he had made a name for himself as a careful bider of time. Before that he had been working quietly and tenaciously, under the Russian régime, building up the "underground" which was to place him eventually in a position of leadership when Austria and Germany controlled the country. In 1916 he had accepted the "regency" and became a member of the "Council of State" created by Poland's Teuton conquerors. He did all this, and everything else that seemed on occasion necessary and expedient to do; his policy appeared to be to leave nothing untried that promised to lead toward a solution of the Polish problem. But whatever he did, whatever he accepted, he never lost sight of that sole aim that had been his life's objective since his student days and his exile to Siberia—the freeing of Poland from alien rule.

Now it was inevitable that a man of this nature would not only play a leading part, in due time, in the freeing of Poland, but would likewise develop ideas, a scheme, a plan, by which Poland, once freed, would be kept free. And having become a leader, having been made a hero of by the people, it was equally inevitable that he should feel that the new Poland, wrought out of the wreckage of the old, was in a degree "his" Poland, a Poland of his making.

The present situation appears to hinge entirely on Pilsudski's conviction that Poland, "his" Poland, as she has been governed during the past three or four years, was in danger of not preserving her freedom. At long distance, this seems to me to be the key to the whole story of the Pilsudski coup. Pilsudski has never wholeheartedly concurred in the management of his country's affairs since the constitution was passed and the president elected. But he has remained in the background, waiting; and finally he has struck. True, he has struck at a terrible risk; not only the risk of a bloody civil war, but of a new foreign invasion, perhaps even a new partition. But from my slight knowledge of him, I believe that he has done so with the most careful calculation of all the factors in the problem: the advantageous moment, the attitude of the people toward the general muddle of their still unformed political life, his own hold on popular feeling, and especially his strongly intrenched leadership of the army. I do not believe that Pilsudski's action was hasty or unpremeditated. On the contrary, I believe that it has been thought out for years. He went ahead with the conviction that he would win at a comparatively small cost of public disturbance and life, and, above all, with the conviction that the thing must be done if Poland were to be saved. It looks as if he had figured the thing out neatly. The people's weariness of anything resembling war, coupled with that general political inertia of which I have spoken, the result of generations of political division and emasculation under alien rule, makes them not only submit to him but accept him. He will very likely remain in power and carry affairs through to his own liking for some time to come.

But what is his own liking? What is it, what was it, in the conduct of the country's government that he has now so violently risen up to protest against? Is he opposed to constitutional government? Hardly. Is he merely ambitious, in a selfish way; does he dream of a dictatorship? This he appears, for the moment at least, to have refused. Is he suffering from a Mussolini complex? Perhaps the latter, a little—if one be quite sure of his definition of the Mussolini complex. But none of these causes is given us to explain the Pilsudski coup. We are simply told that it was "corruption in the government" that moved him to act. "Corruption," however, is a stock phrase used by all political leaders, on occasion, against their opponents. In this case it is difficult to escape the conviction that Pilsudski has used the "corruption" charge as a pretext. My belief is that the cause goes far deeper than dissatisfaction with the Witos cabinet which he has deposed. It goes back to the divided nature of the once tripartite Poland, and specifically to Pilsudski's own idea of Polish destiny and Polish security.

To understand just what Pilsudski's political philosophy is, one must look into the story of the man himself. He is, as I have said, a "sectional" Pole. He is a "Russian" Pole, of old eastern Polish stock; we find some of his ancestors enacting rôles in Sienkiewicz's historical novels. He was born in Lithuania, near Vilna; his whole life has been colored by the tragedy of the Russian borderlands; his uncle was killed, his aged grandmother and two of his aunts were cast into a Russian dungeon, where the grandmother went blind. His father was hunted and robbed of his estates. His brother was exiled to Siberia. He himself, in his early manhood, went in chains to Siberia and served his time, only to be later re-arrested and imprisoned in Petrograd. This, in brief, is the story of Pilsudski's relationship with Russia; and that relationship is the key to his political philosophy.

Now the Russian menace, like the German menace, is ever present in Poland; but in the mind of Pilsudski the Russian menace is paramount and omnipresent. He thinks and acts in his daily life, and has so thought and acted all his life, in terms of defense against Russia. It is this thought, in my belief, that is back of his present seizure of power. Whatever else has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been done by the several cabinets governing the country under the Constitution of 1921, they have not pleased Pilsudski in the matter of Russia. They have not always listened to his warnings against the Russian danger. They have had plenty of other things to do besides; but to his mind, as I would interpret it from a first-hand study of him, and from at least one illuminating conversation with him, the Russian question is "the" question for Poland to consider. The fact that the news despatches during the present upset have brought assurance that under Pilsudski the conduct of foreign affairs would remain unchanged is to me patent evidence that it is just exactly this that Pilsudski means to change very radically. The assurance reads to me as much like diplomatic talk for international consumption as the charge of graft against the Witos régime reads like pretext for domestic consumption.

The Russian menace exists; no one denies that. But is there any imminent danger in it? Unquestionably Pilsudski thinks so, and unquestionably he has means at his command, which others (certainly not outsiders) have not, of knowing just how imminent that danger is. We on the outside do know that for a long time there has been unrest along the Russo-Polish border; there has been Bolshevik raiding and banditry and not a few unofficial but rather obviously inspired guerrilla attacks on Polish outposts. We know, too, that Roumania, south of Poland, is threatened through Bessarabia. We have learned very recently, also, of the new pact between Lithuania and Germany which opens a Russo-German corridor across the north of Poland. And still further, we know that Russian-inspired communistic activity in Poland itself, even in the Polish national legislature, has lately taken on a boldness and a force unprecedented in the history of the country.

All this is public fact; and behind it, it is easy enough to believe, are other facts of even more omnious portent, facts of which Pilsudski is aware. At any rate, this is one plausible interpretation of the Pilsudski coup which those who know Poland can reasonably make: that the Russian danger to Poland is more acute than we have guessed, and that Pilsudski, being as he is a "Russian" Pole, more keenly sensitive to the Russian menace than others, feels this and feels it so desperately that he has resorted to arms to save his country from falling a prey to a new Muscovite invasion. Whether he is only further endangering his country, rather than saving it, by precipitating an internal situation favorable to foreign invasion, is another question.

THE BEGGAR OF THE EUCHARIST

By THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER

THE fact cannot be stressed sufficiently in this age of the lay apostolate that the three greatest movements in Catholicism during the nineteenth century owed their inception and initial development to the enlightened zeal and far-sightedness of laymen. This does away forever with the trite and unfounded charge, so frequently in the mouths of those who are dissatisfied with the Church's policies, program, and methods, that she is too hieratic in spirit and organization; that her priests are too high-handed and domineering; that the man in the pew, especially if he be poor in this world's goods, counts for nothing and has no voice in matters that make for the good of religion.

The first great movement which came with all the novelty of a revelation to an age that had seen little participation of laymen in the works of religion, was the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, founded in 1822 at Lyons by an humble Dominican tertiary, Pauline Jaricot, who in some mysterious way had heard of a missionary idea suggested five years before at Paris to Mrs. Petit by Monsignor Louis W. Dubourg, second bishop of New Orleans. The rapid spread of the society within a twelvemonth was not due solely to the foundress but more especially to the zeal for spreading the truth which is a natural outgrowth of the Faith. The Church has always been missionary in her spirit, and nowhere more intensely than in France, where two centuries before this time a seminary for foreign missions had been founded by two apostolic bishops from China as a real nursery of apostles and a training school of martyrs, as well as a perpetual reminder to the people that upon them, too, devolved the duty of doing their part in spreading the good news of salvation. But missionary zeal was confined for the greater part to those who were minded to consecrate their all to the cause, or to those rare laymen of more ardent faith who came in actual contact with missionaries. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith made a deliberate gesture of appeal to the average Catholic, not only for prayers for the success of the work of the missionaries, but also for alms to carry on the necessary exterior part of the campaign. It was the first organized and systematized attempt to enlist the Catholic of ordinary means in the great crusade of spreading the Gospel.

The second attempt resulted in the foundation of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society at Paris in 1833, by that chosen missionary, Frederic Ozanam. As a student of twenty in an academic environment that was frankly materialistic, he saw the need of doing something, as he himself confessed, "to insure the life of my faith through works of charity." With seven fellow students of the Sorbonne, he hit upon an idea the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practical execution of which not only rendered the desired service, but also helped much to put the Church in a good light in the eyes of the men who pretended to have taken scandal at the indifference of religion regarding the amelioration of the miserable conditions of the masses. The aim of these new apostles was to restore the spirit of personal service and devotion, without ostentation, noise or applause.

Their new organization was openly and unblushingly lay in organization and composition, though the direction of the clergy was never rejected or resented. It has remained so until this day, and must remain so as a condition of its success. There is not a corner of the world where this apostolate is not being carried on with untold good to souls.

The International Eucharistic Congresses, third of the attempts to be noted here, owe their inspiration to the dreams and prayers of a pious young lady of Tours, Mlle. Mary Martha Tamisier, though her name for many years was never mentioned in connection with them. She but made concrete the hopes of those thousands of silent worshippers before the tabernacle whose love had been inflamed by the many Eucharistic works which the Church, with astonishing fecundity, had begotten in evil days and had nurtured with unfailing motherly care. These Eucharistic works were displaying so much versatility of method, were functioning with such unexpected success, were reaching out to conquer so many far-off provinces, that it seemed but a dictate of common sense and expediency to coordinate them, not in a rigid way, which would only have impeded their usefulness and quenched their enthusiasm, but in a loose confederation of common zeal and endeavor from which each unit could draw new inspiration and fresh impetus. The congressional ideal was in the air and was being applied in various small ways at home and abroad. To Mlle. Tamisier's credit, it must be said, that when the matter was urged by those who had a right to speak she laid aside her own schemes for something that she was led to believe would promote the Eucharistic cause she had so much at heart. For Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love was her all in all, and she knew the beautiful word of Saint Augustine that it was the signum unitatis even as each single host was but the mingling of hundreds upon hundreds of tiny grains of wheat.

Mary Martha Aemilia Tamisier was born at Tours, November 1, 1834, of parents who did not allow their wealth to stand in the way of their piety. At an early age the child was frequently taken to church, especially on feast days, when the sublime liturgy of the sanctuary was carried out with punctilious and reverential care.

For a time she dreamed of entering a sisterhood devoted to the care of orphans, but when profession time approached she was advised by the mistress of novices to return to the world. Again she sought admission amongst the Madames of the Sacred Heart, only to be rebuffed. No wonder, then, that on her return to the world she became the butt of many uncharitable remarks. But one day in the home of her brother-in-law she met a priest who bluntly asked: "What is this young girl doing here? You must give her to me. For I wish to found a society of adorers of the Blessed Sacrament. Let her come with me—it is her own business." And so she followed to the cloister the Apostle of the Eucharist, Blessed Peter Julian Eymard. Under his direction she progressed rapidly in virtue. Shortly after Blessed Eymard died (August 1, 1868) and thus, after more than two years' trial, Mlle. Tamisier had to relinquish all hope of following the contemplative life. But the Saint's words seemed like a prophecy to her: "You belong to the Blessed Sacrament in life and in death. One is rich with such a treasure."

She turned for light to Ars, whose great priest still spoke from the tomb. And one day someone remarked to her: "Since our holy curé is dead, go to Lyons to see the Abbé Chevrier. He has a marvelous gift of discerning souls and leading them." In January, 1872, she met for the first time this man who carried on, singlehanded, with apparently no means, a most fruitful apostolate amongst the street gamins of Lyons, whom he gathered into a home called the Providence of Prado. His clothes were shabby; his manner cold; his speech quick and brusque; his powers of raillery and irony exceptional. He was in dead earnest and expected his penitents to be so. Hence, when Mlle. Tamisier had explained her efforts to enter religion, her deceptions, her scruples, her exterior and interior trials, her present aimless existence, her mighty desire to serve the Master in the Blessed Eucharist, Father Chevrier was curt and severe.

It was a rugged schooling to which she submitted herself, one in which harshness would easily have passed for insult had it not been for the supernatural tone of all Father Chevrier's advice. With that intuition which comes from a close and pitiless examination of self linked to the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, he clearly read the soul of his spiritual ward. He gave her vigorous spiritual exercise because he knew she was of the mettle that could bear a great strain. He divested her of herself. It was a slow, painful process to which she had to submit, as one resigns one's self to a torturing operation. He administered no palliatives, no spiritual opiates. He never fed his children on sweet milk. Those who could bear the ghostly régime came out refined, supernaturalized, fit instruments to do God's work in the darkness. Evidently he must have divined that God had special designs upon this soul, for the many fragmentary bits of advice which Mlle. Tamisier jotted down on leaving her director show a unity that is more than merely fortuitous. He must have divined that this spiritual daughter would one day do something epochal regarding Eucharistic devotion, for much of his spiritual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

direction concerns itself with the Eucharist, its claim upon us, our duties toward it. "You will labor," he once said to her in speaking of the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi, "but you will not see the fruits of your work. Perhaps in 200 years the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed everywhere." On another occasion, in urging her to cultivate the interior life, he said: "This work is very difficult. It is perhaps the most difficult that has ever been seen." Later on, he said to her: "You are the Beggar of the Blessed Eucharist. Your vocation is to scour the roads."

By such steep steps was Mlle. Tamisier led up the mountain of the Lord. Her plans, which she had obediently kept in abeyance on the advice of Father Chevrier, became clearer during those days of enthusiasm that followed upon the consecration of France to the Sacred Heart by 200 French deputies prostrated before the Blessed Sacrament at Paray-le-Monial, in the chapel of the Visitation, made famous and sacrosanct by the apparitions of Our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque. She began to dream of the social reign of the Blessed Sacrament about which Blessed Eymard had spoken to her so often. Her mind was in a ferment about ways and means of conducting not only individuals, families, parishes, but the whole nation, nay, the entire world to the altar. What form should this national prayer take? Was she called upon to lead in the matter? Would men pay heed to the pleadings of a woman? In her confusion of mind she consulted Father Chevrier, but the most he would say was: "May Jesus, our good Master, bless your good intentions!" Realizing that pilgrimages to the many shrines of Our Lady, with which France was studded, constituted the most popular form of devotion, she came to the conclusion that they might be made to further her Eucharistic plans.

Finally, on the Monday after Easter, 1874, the parishes of Avignon, singly, marched to the Chapel of the Grey Penitents.

Not in ages had the sleepy, quiet city of Avignon seen such a manifestation of faith. Its echoes reached Rome, and Pius IX, through Cardinal Antonelli, sent his blessing and encouragement. The women reorganized the work of Perpetual Adoration. Men began to frequent the altar-rail in great numbers. There was a colossal and abiding awakening of Eucharistic devotion. On July 30, 500 pilgrims from Marseilles came with flying banners, singing hymns, under the leadership of Father Lerroyer of the Assumptionist Fathers. The sound of the Avignon triumph pierced to the north of France, where the Eucharistic crusade was thriving in an unparalleled way, largely through the efforts and example of that sainted commercial magnate, Philibert Vrau, and his brother-in-law and business partner, Camille Feron Vrau, and their able assistant and spokesman, M. Gustave Champeaux. Hence on May 17, 1875, at least 4,000 persons marched in serried ranks to the great shrine, which put on trappings of rejoicing. At an embryonic congress held after the services in an adjoining building, plans were discussed to promote Perpetual and Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Here, too, was broached for the first time the feasibility of a national pilgrimage to some Eucharistic shrine. But the moment was not opportune, as the enemies of religion, alarmed, began to gird themselves up against such exhibitions of a faith that still lay close to so many French hearts.

Signs were appearing on the horizon that France had been effectively roused to the advantage of gathering collectively at the feet of the Master. And what enraged the anticlerical element, just then doubly active in its works of darkness, was the knowledge that these pilgrimages were not simply ephemeral, effervescent outbursts of piety with no stable consequences in the lives of the masses. Those who had gone on foot to the Master's shrines returned to their homes changed men. Religion had suddenly become a vital thing in their lives; they had looked upon the Master; their souls had imbibed something of His strength and courage; they had become, in the twinkling of an eye, apostles and advocates of the rights of the Master's Church, ready to make any sacrifices and undergo any hardships for their immemorial privilege of adoring the Lord without hurt or hindrance, according to their conscience. It was this that alarmed the men in high places. On several occasions French bishops, for the sake of peace, advised against these demonstrations. And the best proof of the spiritual regeneration that the movement had effected can be found in the readiness of the people to follow unquestioningly the commands of their legitimate leaders. But the seed had been sown. France never again would treat the great Guest on the altar as an interloper, a stranger.

The world has followed the example of France. Never anywhere, even for desperate battle, have such hosts been marshaled from all corners of the earth as now come humbly, mingling glory and wealth with anxious penury, to the annual festive honoring of the Real Presence. It seems almost too vast a movement to have been originated by a single, simple woman. But she was, of course, only the instrument. The Eucharist is not only figuratively the Bread of all men: the world which now gathers at the great and illustrious new Coena Domini is tired and sorely troubled; and it seeks, with a magnificent hope, the Food which shall strengthen, and the Wine in which there is eagerness, ageless and confident, to live.

City Storm

Dark grey
Cloud zeppelins
Flash, boom, and hurl bright spears
On folk that bear black shields, and go
Unscathed.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATIN AND MASS EDUCATION

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

NEARLY one million students in the colleges and secondary schools of the United States took courses in Latin during the year 1923-1924. The figures are supplied by the excellent report of the American Classical League, "The Classical Investigation." They suggest the question: Why do one million study Latin? Perhaps the real and the normal responses may be found in a comparison between the Classical League's report and the famous Ratio Studiorum which was promulgated in a definitive edition and imposed upon Jesuit colleges everywhere during 1599. This comparison would show, first of all, that the contrast between sixteenth-century and twentieth-century secondary education is profound.

The school of art has been changed into a school of science. The only objective of earlier education, creative composition, is omitted, except as a means to the science of grammar. Grammar itself in the history of education meant composition chiefly; now grammar is a science. The only subject connected with Latin you cannot find in Sandys's Companion to Latin Studies is the art of rhetoric, or style, and that was the only purpose Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian, and the renaissance had in studying Latin and Greek literature. Perhaps Sandys, writing chiefly for England, still holds to the old objective, as do, in general, the English and French schools, where prose and verse composition continues dominant. But in American schools rhetoric is handled mostly as a science, and historically.

In the sixteenth-century treatment of the authors the expression was everything, and the content, though mastered fully for understanding, was subordinated to style. The finished student of the old system was a master of arts, a doctor, a teacher in the strict sense. He was expected in the Jesuit system to be able to write and stage a play, to compose and deliver a speech. The one who graces his name today with M.A. or Ph.D. need have no art of composition beyond marshaling evidence, but he must prove his worth by contributing some new fact to the store of science. Professor Baker's dramatic workshop and the imitators it has happily inspired, and Dr. Rouse's Perse School in Cambridge, England, are reversals to the earlier type of school.

In the sixteenth century Latin was an art and taught as such; in the twentieth century and, in fact, ever since F. A. Wolf claimed philology as a distinct university subject, Latin has tended more and more to be a science. This first contrast between the art teaching of Latin and the science teaching is not unlike the second great contrast. Latin formerly was not a university subject nor was it handled as such; Latin today is taught with university ends and by university methods. "The current method," says Dr. Rouse, "is no older than the nineteenth century. It is the offspring of German scholarship which seeks to learn everything about something rather than the thing itself." Perhaps Dr. Rouse had in mind German universities rather than German gymnasia. American educators, through failure to understand German secondary education, introduced into our schools two features which have tended to turn secondary education into the university type. "Our elementary schools were organized on an eight-year basis in mistaken conformity to the length of the Prussian volkschulern, which stood apart in the old régime for the generality of children who were not to go on to further education," reports the Classical Investigation. Students, therefore, begin Latin with us two years later than in Germany, France, and England. To make up for the two lost years colleges have become in part pre-professional schools. The spread of the junior high school anticipates, but does not shorten secondary education, and most American colleges are now universities at freshman year with all the methods of a university but none of its maturity or responsibility or unity. In a university mature students unify their studies by a profession and assume a responsibility toward a profession which has not yet been selected at college.

Had America taken its secondary education entire from Germany, it would resemble France and England in school age, in length of course, and in methods. From the other end, too, Germany was the occasion of a downward university trend. All our great college professors of a generation ago were trained in Germany, and they introduced electivism, departments, lectures, and all the machinery of a university. Many of these methods have already passed below even the junior high schools. Latin is no longer a dominant subject because every subject in the course demands equality of time and treatment. Electivism has fostered the same tendency to equalization. Lectures are, at their best, only informational. They do not demand any action or even application unless a life purpose make the individual act. That life purpose is absent in secondary education, and all colleges are now trying by tutors, by student counselors, by prescribed four-year majors, by comprehensive examination schemes, to give some cohesion to their systems.

The Classical Investigation, in its list of objectives, mentions and stresses the study of Latin as literature, but the large number of informational objectives, the enriched history of the past, the various new sciences of antiquity asking attention, and the exclusion of composition except for grammatical drill, make the at-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tainment of such literary objectives quite difficult. The report repeatedly asserts and shows that Latin has no power of automatically achieving results. Education is a habit and is not acquired by passive listening, but by actual work on the part of the student. Lectures do not make artists nor form habits.

If the excellence of Latin and Greek literature may not be made educative by composition in their own language, why not in English? Did not Greek literature largely create Latin literature? Was not Cicero, as Newman himself testifies, Newman's master in English? Why, then, may not Latin and Greek still form writers? In the Jesuit system Greek was used to help Latin. Both now can help the vernacular. In France, French, Latin, and Greek are taught by the same teacher. England and Germany are not dominated in secondary education by university aims and methods. But in our schools the Latin and Greek teachers have given up composition in the classics and dare not trespass on the English teacher by having composition in English, and so Latin and Greek are taught as everything but literature, and yet it is only as literature that they have survived. Classical science is mostly antiquated; classical philosophy, although in much still vigorous, can be learned without knowing the languages; but classical arts and literature are still unrivaled and are still able to inspire and direct artists. Composition in self-expression is the way to artistry.

It is cheering to know that a million are studying Latin, but it is not cheering to note that Latin does not hold its devotees in college. The mortality in high-school students in general is great. Only ten of every hundred in the high school reach college, but if the number in the report, quoted from the Bureau of Education, 1923-24, holds for other years, then Latin has a higher mortality than it should have. The 940,000 in high school should be represented by 94,000 in college, but there are only 40,000. The mortality in college usually cuts down the ten entrants to less than two graduates. We shall then have left about 8,000 to teach our 940,000. Unless the inspiring report of the Classical Investigation can keep students at Latin, the future of Latin is dark.

One thing in this report might excite surprise. Little is made of the historic development of classical studies. It would show, however, that the classics have always been taught with creative composition as the ultimate end. Grammar, poetry, oratory; clear, beautiful and forceful expression, were the purposes of language teaching in Greece and Rome. Very early the cleavage between the scientific and artistic approach declared itself, when Gorgias stressed form and opened schools to showy dilettantism, and Plato stressed substance and would exclude poets from his ideal state. The quarrel between Attics and Asiatics in Rome was, in some respects, a phase of the same struggle. Byzantium and the East kept to rhetoric and the study of style. Rome and the West were overrun by barbarians. There the rhetorical currents ran thin and disappeared. In the recovery from barbarism, philosophy and science won supremacy in the middle-ages. The renaissance marked the reaction of the artistic. The Ratio Studiorum at the close of the renaissance made art supreme in the lower school and relegated science to the university. Wolf in 1777 demanded a place for the classics in the university, and the university reacted, making the study of the classics chiefly scientific, at least in Germany and America, though not to the same extent in France and England. The ability to write and to speak is a purpose literary and artistic, and even today there are Platonists who look upon such a language study as rather trivial. Aristotle's justification of art and poetry and rhetoric as the exercise of human faculties, educational and ennobling, does not seem to be thoroughly held as a fundamental dogma in education. Science reigns supreme even in the teaching of literature. Not so in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Naturally, literature should teach literature as everything else in the school schedule teaches its like: mathematics teaching mathematics; history teaching history, and so forth. Now there are three stages and three purposes clearly discernible in teaching literature: understanding, appreciation, and composition. Understanding concerns itself with the content or subject-matter; it is informational or scientific in nature. Appreciation has to do with the literary form of the content, the artistic presentation in both thought and word. Appreciation is synonymous with criticism. Composition is the last stage, the stage of art, where literature makes writers and speakers. All the objectives of the report of the Classical Investigation may be grouped under these three heads. The objectives are not mutually exclusive, but as all cannot be taught at once, they must be sorted.

The art of composition should be the primary objective of the high-school course in literature; criticism, the primary objective of the early college course; and science, the primary objective of the later college and university. As college approaches, therefore, there will be a change from correct literary expression to interesting and forceful literary expression. This seems to have been the ideal of the sixteenth century when literature was no mere study of words, but meant the art of thinking, of reasoning, of imagining, of idealizing, of clarifying ideas and persuading their acceptance; the art of embodying truth, beauty, and good in language. The specious objection of Milton that science must precede literature because one cannot express what one does not know, leaves out of account the vast field of human experience, of personal reactions to environment, which have been the substance of all art. Such experiences will be supplemented by history and science when the growing mind is fitted to receive and digest such information. Experience furnishes facts enough to cultivate litera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture, and then the mind made capable of expression by literary creation is ready for university work.

The primary purpose of Latin literature, if the sixteenth century had its way, should be the power of thinking and of expressing thought. Helpful and secondary will be grammatical drill, whose general principles apply to English and to all languages. Understanding of English words, derivations, spelling, technical terms of science, Latin quotations, ability to read foreign languages, these are subordinate objectives on the language side. They help to make literary composers; they give variety and interest to the dull drill of class. The general habits of mind: attention, order, accuracy, imaginative realization, these and many other like qualities will be developed if the student be awakened from the passivity of listener and be made to furnish meaning rather than words, to translate with imagination rather than vocal memory.

After the composition stage of art comes the critical stage of appraisal. In the sixteenth century this stage was looked forward to and prepared for by the authors read. The precepts of beauty in style and of force in style had each a year in which the course already completed furnished examples in every kind of poetry: narrative, descriptive, epic, lyric, dramatic; and in all types of prose: letters, narration, description, essay, history, speeches. The principles of criticism for prose and poetry and for oratory were expounded. Greek was correlated with Latin, and later both were correlated with the native tongue in the finest models of verse and prose literature, producing by the coördination of three languages perfect mastery of the art of expression. To ensure unity and to make artists, one teacher should be responsible.

The last stage in the study of the classics, which will be only for few, is the scientific stage, where facts become predominant. In this stage not writers or critics, but historians, grammarians, archaeologists, philologists, and other scientists are produced or at least lavishly catered to in learned lectures.

There is, however, nothing in the Classical Investigation to prevent the realization of the sixteenth-century ideals. College entrance examinations have been modified and will be more modified to meet the recommendation of the report. A liberal and flexible scheme of authors is proposed. Whatever be the teacher's belief about the objectives in teaching Latin, he can find free scope to realize his faith in the fine suggestions of the Classical Investigation. The million who study Latin are bound to profit in interest, in art, in science, in culture from this remarkable document.

A thousand sources of interest newly opened up or made instantly available are now beside the Latin teacher to put life and novelty into his class. He will not dwarf the human and personal attractiveness of literature to any specialty, but aided by the philologist's acute analysis and by the historian's careful sifting and by the spade of the archaeologist, the classical teacher can make bright and beautiful that past which lives again through his enthusiasm. Literature is the creation of man, and its beauty, if revealed and practised, will educate our Latinists and hold them fascinated.

THE PIED BROTHERS' PENSIONER

By HELEN PARRY EDEN

IF EVER I become a trifle eccentric, I shall take it very ill of my friends and relatives if they shut me up with anyone more demented than themselves. It has always seemed to me both extravagant and unkind to put a more or less amateur and occasional lunatic among hard-bitten professionals.

Mild madmen are better with their families and their families are better with them. As for madmen with no or reluctant families, why not attach them to religious communities as jesters were attached to royal households in the middle-ages? This would be an excellent plan all around. The community could concentrate on one official imbecile the forbearance they now exercise on each other. And the imbecile, unlike the average religious, could lap himself round with forbearance as with a garment and hug the warmth. This, at any rate, was how it worked with the only lunatic I ever met in such circumstances—John Theodore de la Vigne of Cope in the County of Wessex, the pensioner of the Pied Brothers.

John Theodore, you must understand, was consigned at the age of sixteen by his highly respectable (some say inconspicuously noble) French relatives to the guardianship of the Pied Brothers: and in particular to the prior, for the time being, of the Priory of Cope. In thus establishing their half-witted nephew and cousin in virtuous and dignified surroundings, at a sufficient distance from the hereditary estate in La Beauce, the De la Vignes certainly thought they were doing their best for themselves, religion, and the object of their solicitude.

John Theodore came to Cope in the wake of an old French prior, and in charge of a young English lay brother, at the age of sixteen. He was sixty when I first knew him and sixty-six when he died, and I never heard that he had a day's unhappiness. Certainly I never saw it. To begin with, he was highly popular at the Priory. His status with the Fathers in general I have already defined in my allocution on forbearance, but a few unchastened spirits loved John Theodore for his own sake. To the lay brothers he was acceptable because the care of his little room and some slight

LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assistance with the inaccessible buttons of his toilet were a change from scrubbing the refectory flags and polishing the church candlesticks. While to the boys of the Priory school—for Cope was the house of studies for the province—he provided a not only good-tempered but positively appreciative butt for jests.

It would be hard to say which John Theodore loved best, to be noticed or to be left alone. He was so radiantly happy in either case. In the nature of things he was more often alone, for a monastery school is (or should be) a place of fixed hours and settled functions, of never-ending class-bells and refectory-bells. The last two John Theodore punctually regarded, always turning up at Mass and meat before any other enthusiast for either. But the boys' long study hours he spent all alone out-of-doors the whole year round: dozing under the acacia on the lawn in the summer; drifting down the avenue with the dead leaves in the autumn; stopping out, as late as he dared, in the mild winter dusk to listen to the distilled rime dripping through the elms; and standing amazed every spring before the wintergreens in the kitchen garden, when the April rains suddenly shot them up into tropical yellow flowers. Sometimes he strayed off to his prayers in the little church alongside the avenue; especially if a strain of music from the choir put him in mind of the claims of heaven. And many a Pied Brother has paused at the organ, with the stops out and his hands hovering hawk-like over a chord, to hear John Theodore ushering himself with indistinguishable murmurs of devotion into his humble place at the end of the nave.

Yet I think it was with his fellow Christians that John Theodore drank in life at its fullest; and could he have thought it out, he would have been quite of Saint Thomas's opinion that the presence of friends is a fit concomitant to the bliss of heaven. Devout strangers he particularly affected on account of the extra measure of compassion they bestowed on him. For the compassion of the devout was to John Theodore what the confidence of the vulgar is to a politician; and he was not much more scrupulous as to how he obtained it.

Toward the end of his days he was more than a trifle blind; but not so blind but that he could find his way down the sanctuary steps with the rest of the school when it filed into church from the sacristy door for Mass or meditation. But if there was a high feast kept and strangers were present, John Theodore would hang behind the rest and fumble dismally for the first step with his foot, his half-sightless eyes raised appealingly to heaven; until, ten to one, some humane outsider, with or without an indignant glance at the callous scholars (who never failed to enjoy the little drama as far as its sacred setting permitted) would hasten up the shallow flight of marble inside the altar rails and lead John Theodore, radiant as a prima donna, safely down the steps and into his place.

There was only one person in the world with whom John Theodore was not on good terms, and that was Father Caffyn. I never knew the precise ins and outs of the feud myself, because the good Father had been happily transferred from Cope before my acquaintance with the place began. But there was a rumor that he had a very cutting way with him, and that women, cats, and idiots—the three chief objectives of his scorn—used to flee at the sound of his voice like rooks at the crack of a rifle. John Theodore never exactly fled; but they say he used to tack, with something more purposeful than his usual erratic change of course, whenever Father Caffyn appeared in the avenue. Moreover, being an expert at ritual himself, he lay in wait for little slips whenever the good Father said Mass or gave Benediction. And who so happy as John Theodore when he caught the unfortunate priest reading the wrong Epistle or leaving some recent papal interpolation out of the Litany. He would hasten to the prior of the day, with a zest so undisguised as to be shorn of half its malice, and accuse his enemy of substituting "Beatus vir" for "Memores estote" on the Feast of Saint Silverius—or some such piece of inconspicuous heedlessness.

When John Theodore came to die—which he did, as I said, at the age of sixty-six—the memory of Father Caffyn whom he had not set eyes on for at least eight years, was the staple amusement of his painless and leisurely decline. The prior could not bring him in a glass of milk or a bunch of grapes without the invalid pluming himself between every sip and berry on the anguish it would have caused his old traducer to see him so pampered.

"Father Caffyn would never have fetched me grapes, eh, Father? Father Caffyn would never have brought me milk!" he babbled over and over again. And the stray smiles that crossed his quiet face as he lay speechless for hours on his bed, were probably referable to the same unholy satisfaction.

On the day he died he asked pardon of all he had ever offended with extraordinary meekness and dignity. But when he had done this, and received the Last Sacraments, he was allowed to slip back and enjoy his half-wittedness to the end. The retrospective marvel of his Communion (which he had never been encouraged to make before save on high feasts and holidays) became yet another triumph of compassion extorted from the soft-hearted prior by the piteousness of John Theodore; and yet another signal frustration of the malice of his ancient foe.

"Father Caffyn would never have brought Him to me, eh, Father?" he said with serene exultation, as the bell which had escorted the Blessed Sacrament to his bedside died away down the corridor.

They will tell you if you ever go to Cope—the prior with a smile and the community with a sigh—that this monstrous and entirely unfounded accusation was the last speech of the pensioner of the Pied Brothers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SIDDONS OF SPAIN

By THOMAS WALSH

A PAINFUL revelation of our theatrical shortcomings in the United States was made on Monday evening, May 17, at the first appearance in the Manhattan Opera House of the Spanish tragedienne and artist, Maria Guerrero, the greatest actress of her country, and, in the opinion of many judicious critics, the greatest figure on the boards today. She is accompanied by her husband, Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, representative of one of the greatest families of the Peninsula, and many times a grandee of Spain, who has put aside his family titles to develop himself in a life of art upon the stage, which is acclaimed as a revelation of genius as fine as it is superb. A remarkable supporting company, representing the finest that Spain can offer to interpret the best of its dramatists, combined throughout the week in presentations that must cause any American thinker, who still takes the trouble to consider the matters presented by our own playwrights, considerable chagrin at the deplorable contrast we make in comparison with this Spanish theatre.

Most deplorable of all was the showing made by the critical faculty of our New York newspapers. A collection of harum-scarum reporters, not one of whom could muster up a word of Spanish, reeking of Broadway gaiety-shows and the trivialities of sex and vaudeville, was sent to consider the romantic drama by Edward Marquina, Doña Maria la Brava—a picture of fifteenth-century Spain, with its assassinations, vendetta, and heroic acceptances of penalties and duties of honor and state. The entrance of Maria Guerrero on the American stage was made in a scene, marvelous in its ferocious power, enacted on a darkened stage and received with a clamorous applause which told this great actress that among our public, at least, art and genius are welcomed and honored to the full.

Our press, in general, reflected the half-conscious embarrassment of its unfitted critics; it spoke of Señora Guerrero's great voice, and histrionic sureness, but carefully avoided any reference to the peculiar genre of the drama she was presenting, to the fact that Doña Maria la Brava represented the old theatre as well as the new, and that the English-speaking stage should confess a vast falling-off from its older traditions and recognize the strength and validity of a national stage that refused to surrender to modern fripperies.

On May 18, Señora Guerrero answered these critical asides in a presentation of La Malquerida, the masterpiece of that distinguished man-of-the-theatre, Benevente, known to many theatregoers in America through the production of The Passion Flower in which Miss Nance O'Neill played—a production which, while it revealed some of the greatest tragic acting that America has seen in recent years, showed a strange lack of a sense of the real, domestic, and racial qualities which Benevente prepared as the proper setting for his domestic tragedy. In this latter phase of La Malquerida, Señora Guerrero revealed the character of her ripe and marvelous art. The fiery queen of the night before became the sublimated peasant housewife, with a revelation, studied but never meticulous, of the character of the Spanish country woman, who believed in honor and family decency until, in outraged frenzy at the discovery of her husband's falseness and weaknesses, she heaps ruin on his head by killing herself. Here was a story and an art that even the New York critics could not gainsay. Maria Guerrero had showed them two sides of her unmistakable genius, and for all their limitations, their theatrical bias, and Broadway affiliations, they were swept down by the popular acclaim and drawn into the whirl of applause.

On Wednesday evening, in La Locura de Amor, Señora Guerrero returned to the historical drama in presenting the story of the Mad Queen, Juana, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, and the tragedy that developed her manias into the final loss of her mind. Here the Spanish actress revealed herself at the height of her powers, and her company gave a spirited support in character-acting, nobly exemplified in Diaz de Mendoza's impersonation of the fickle archduke, as well as in masterly strokes in the humorous scenes by the rest of the company which brought a sigh to the older persons in the audience, who could recall the days of Augustin Daly, the genius of the Booths, McCullough, Ada Rehan, Janvschek, the Kendalls, Henry Irving, and the tradition before them of the Kembles and Siddons of remoter years.

It is a pleasure to record the triumphs Señora Guerrero has received during her long career—all Spain, its royalty, nobility, its population, rich and poor, has laid its greatest tributes at her feet—her name is a word of glory throughout South America, Germany, and France, and her fame in the international theatre shines equal with that of Rachel and Bernhardt, with Siddons and Duse. Personally and privately, the life of Señora Guerrero has been admirable to an equal degree. She is in the tradition of our own Charlotte Melmoth, the first English-American tragedienne, as well as the direct descendant of the seventeenth-century actress, Maria de Riquelme, the sainted genius of Madrid, who blushed and wept in natural consonance with the characters she impersonated, and whose tomb, where she is lying incorrupt, is still venerated by the people of Spain.

The theatregoers of New York earnestly desire the return to their boards of Señora Guerrero and her remarkable company of actors: several playgoers expressed a hope to see her undertake the rôle of Lady Macbeth, which has not fallen into capable hands since the days of Mrs. Siddons. It would be a compliment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to our national theatre if Señora Guerrero could come again and respond to this wish. We do not know if she has essayed this rôle in Spanish, but it seems a character proportioned beautifully to her powers and worthy of the fine and powerful delivery which she holds in such complete control.

For Señor Diaz de Mendoza, for his highly gifted son who gave a very colorful presentation of Don Juan Tenorio, and for the remarkable histrions of their company, there will be always a welcome here, not only among their Spanish congeners in New York, but among a vast concourse of our citizens, whether they speak Spanish or not, who cannot fail to comprehend splendid acting and splendid playwriting, even lacking a sense of the spoken text. In fact, such perfect impersonation, such expressive posing and gesture, such marvelous vocal intonation and articulation constitute a supreme achievement which we can only hope that some, at least, of our own producers and players will strive to emulate.

COMMUNICATIONS

VICARIOUS BEAUTY

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Reverend Edward Hawks's recent letter, which continues a discussion on the layman's reactions to certain externals of Catholic worship, is the reason for recording the following imaginary conversation between a cleric and a laic:

Cleric:—"The fact is, my dear fellow, that our people are hardly ready to be led into the land of promise, which you so optimistically picture. They are, with the exception of a negligible cultured minority, fairly representative of the group that responds to the moron-bait of the tabloids, the movies, and the confessional type of magazine. They are inherently incapable of distinguishing between an intelligent sermon and a twenty-minute discursion of pointless divagations. In sermonizing to them, we must of necessity confine ourselves to concepts and verbiage easily within the understanding of a ten- or twelve-year-old child; otherwise, we lose touch with our auditors and there is a distressing epidemic of coughing, shuffling of feet, and discreet whispers."

Laic:—"Coughing and the rest, being unconscious defense reactions merely, might well be considered a challenge; but to the point: the necessity of adjusting your language to the intellectual capacity of mid-grade morons, I do not admit. If there is anything to be expected from the lay adult, which I very much doubt, it will not come from the mental defective. Further, when you preach down to him, you are not leading, but following, and confirming his own habits of thought. What he needs is not a sedative, but a stimulant. But it is not of the essentially ineducable adult I am thinking."

Cleric:—"You are thinking of . . . "

Laic:—"Of the younger generation. What you say to old fellows like me probably will matter not a whit, but what you tell the young people may prove of incalculable benefit so far as an advance in Catholic influence on the republic's thought is concerned. Leaving aside their right to well-considered sermons, what attempt are you making to develop their philosophy of taste, so that they will not be so totally unappreciative of beauty in the Church as you apparently think their forebears are?"

Cleric:—"The Church, my dear fellow, is not an art gallery. Neither is it a model for architects, a school for embryonic mural painters, nor a rendezvous for sculptors. Its business, roughly speaking, is moral development, and you would be the first to complain, if it were to stray."

Laic:—"I do not purpose allowing you to lead me into a discussion of the moral in art. Aside from suggesting a resurgence of Church interest in art, the point I want to make is that we laymen go to church for spiritual stimulation. Some of us find ourselves more stimulated in an environment which recognizes the fact that ugliness, whatever form it may take, makes for an irritation that detracts from the pleasure and occasional sense of exaltation following a visit to the church. Even such a minor thing as garish lighting has its effect; and when, to the Mass, for instance, you add interruptions wholly out of accord with the spirit of it, and a choir, which, in the estimation of one of your fellow clerics might improve with the severance of the 'vena jugularis,' the sad result is an indefinite sense of disappointment and frustration, with a consequent depression."

Cleric:—"You are, of course, exaggerating; and, in any event, you place too much stress on ritual. Further, you are confusing religious and aesthetic emotions. Soon you will be telling me that you derive the most spiritual benefit from a visit to an empty church, where the only illumination is a softly diffused sunlight, where shadows and isolation aid in your comfort and solace. All this sounds very pretty; but, upon analysis, you will find its roots in a basic egoism, associated with a pale pink romanticism. In fine, you resent the crowd and reality."

Laic:—"Perhaps one of the subconscious reasons for going to church is to escape from reality; perhaps another is to resume our heritage as individuals before God, unsubmerged by the indifference of the crowd; perhaps I am concerned with ritual only so far as it unnecessarily obtrudes itself, and, therefore, becomes meaningless, or where it constitutes an ugly embellishment of a beautiful idea. But we have digressed. What I was mainly interested in is the relation and responsibility of the Church to the younger generation, and we have spent the evening in pointing an accusing finger at each other. Well, I trust we can be reconciled at least on the desirability of a second cigar."

Cleric:—"I think we can."

D. T. Powell.

DR. RYAN REPLIES TO MR. SANDS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I return to the charge. The assumption of Mr. William Franklin Sands in his article, Peace with Mexico, that our government "has nothing whatever to do" in the matter of the "broad question of the rights of Mexicans in spiritual matters as against their own government," I cannot but continue to consider "very false," even after reading his courteous reply to my letter. His assump-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion (I did not say he made a false statement) is false in the particular context in which it was made because our government, since the days of President Wilson, has directly and immediately concerned itself with religious and educational matters in Mexico, and this not once but constantly.

Secretaries Bryan, Lansing, and Hughes, the latter as is shown by the correspondence between Señor Pani and Mr. George T. Summerlin, American Chargé, recently published, were very much interested in the protection of the religious rights of Mexicans and foreigners living in Mexico. The letter of Señor Arredondo to Mr. Lansing, which I quoted in full, is ample proof of the promises made by the Carranza government, promises which were not kept when the Constitution of 1917 was voted. That our government did not break off diplomatic relations at the time is explainable, as every well-informed person knows, on grounds other than that we approved the constitution or that we were not willing to hold Carranza to his pledged word.

In the correspondence with Señor Pani, looking toward the resumption of diplomatic relations between Mexico and the United States, Mr. Summerlin again demanded liberty of religion and education, at least for Americans. (Article 2 of the proposed treaty.) Señor Pani replied that the Constitution of 1917 forbade the granting of this liberty. Mr. Summerlin then dropped the question and concentrated his objections to the economic injustices of the constitution. The correspondence between these two representatives of the different governments reached an impasse on March 31, 1923, but as far as I have been able to discover, the United States government has never repudiated the original demand it made upon Carranza for religious and educational liberty in Mexico.

Mr. Sands asks what I mean by the "United States." I mean the Department of State, not the American people, much less the Catholic citizens of the United States. He further asks, "Do these assurances of Mexican officials constitute treaty rights?" I reply that they do not, in the technical sense of the word. We have no treaty rights with Mexico at the present moment. These official assurances, however, were the solemn promises of one government to another, not mere scraps of paper, and promises should be kept. When they are not kept, it is the duty of someone to protest, and protest vigorously. By this one need not be interpreted as advocating the severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico, much less armed intervention. However, I do think that Mr. Kellogg can and should with "correctness and dignity" make the Mexican government realize that it has a duty toward liberty of conscience and the keeping of its pledged word. There are a hundred ways in which this can be done without breaking off diplomatic relations, and Mr. Sands, as a former diplomat, knows how it can be done much better than I.

To the question of the officials of our State Department: "What shall we do that we have not done already?" I would reply, "Make known in no uncertain terms the feelings of the American government concerning the present persecution, and, secondly, make public the fact that we realize that certain promises have not been kept, and that in the future we shall be very wary about accepting pledges from certain quarters."

Japan and other nations did not delay informing us that they considered our immigration laws unjust and insulting. They were perfectly within their province in doing so, as official Washington acknowledged, although it was admitted on all sides that the restriction of immigration is a domestic problem. Granting that fact, President Coolidge still took extreme care to assure every foreign nation that no unjust discrimination was intended. In other words, the President did not resent the criticism and the protests of a foreign government against our laws dealing with "the internal affairs" of the United States.

The United States government has constantly refused to recognize Russia on the grounds that the Soviets do not respect the rights of private property, rights which must be recognized as fundamental and as one of the bases of possible relationships between nations. A similar course of action, as far as religious freedom is concerned, could have been followed by the Department of State in the Mexican affair. President Coolidge could have expressed his disapprobation of the persecution and his surprise that the Mexican government had broken its solemn promises. If he had had the courage to have done this, both Mexico and the world would have received an object lesson in religious tolerance. Perhaps it is not too late even now to do something. At all events, the present administration passed up a wonderful opportunity of demonstrating what the United States stands for in the matter of fundamental principles.

Finally, the Constitution of 1917 is impossible from whatever angle it is studied. It may be "the law of my country" as Ambassador Tellez says. The United States government, however, cannot be expected to look with favor on a constitution which sanctions injustice simply because it is the law of the country, and neither Mr. Coolidge nor Mr. Kellogg can afford to appeal to the Mexican constitution to justify their failure to act. There are laws and laws. And Mexico's religious laws do not even "merit the name of laws," as Pope Pius XI said in his recent letter to the Mexican hierarchy.

One thing is certain—the United States can never hope for continued peaceful relations with Mexico as long as the Constitution of 1917 remains in force. Not only does the constitution confiscate American property; it denies Americans some of the fundamental rights of their own citizenship, and especially the right of freedom of conscience. What it does to the poor Mexican people, the story of the past four months demonstrates to satiety.

REV. JAMES H. RYAN.

(The name of Dr. James H. Ryan inadvertently appeared as Dr. John A. Ryan in the communication, Mr. Sands Replies to Dr. Ryan, which was published in The Commonweal of May 26.—The Editors.)

FATHER CURRAN'S STATEMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It is a great happiness to those Catholics who believe in prohibition and law enforcement to note how many of our faith are in favor of it, and are working for it, as evidenced in the courageous statement of Father Curran, and many others, all of which goes to prove how false is the assertion that Catholics are against it.

ALICE WARREN.

(The title-page and index for Volume III of The Commonweal are now ready, and will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume III in leather or in cloth, information regarding which will be supplied on application to The Commonweal.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Art of Raquel Meller

IN one sense, Raquel Meller made her New York début under the most trying of circumstances. Torrents of publicity extending over the last two or three years had created a mood of challenging expectancy. We are accustomed to paying European artists well for the honor of their presence here, whether in concert or at the Metropolitan, but it is rare for us to find them so fastidious about appearing in America at all that they postpone their sailings numerous times, and at last consent to come only after imposing an extraordinary list of conditions and provisos.

Whether it was Señorita Meller or her press-agents who created this impression of Olympian aloofness, I am in no position to say; but the fact remains that many persons who would otherwise have felt well disposed toward her, entertained a lurking suspicion that no one could really measure up to the Meller myth. The public was curious, but not wholly cordial. Yet this artist has rapidly won a secure place in American hearts and admiration. She has given the myth substance and reality.

Outwardly, her performance is simple. She sings fourteen songs, each in a different costume, and accompanies each with a certain amount of acting. She is at all times alone on the stage against a background of black velvet curtains. The songs are, for the most part, popular, and frequently give but small indication in their musical content of the mood they are intended to convey or of the episodes they relate. The nearest approach to their general type is the song with which Fanny Brice once thrilled many audiences—He's My Man. Take a dozen such songs, some gay, some sad, some humorous, others pathetic, and you have a fair idea of the outward form of Señorita Meller's repertory—with which, unaided, she set about to give an entire evening's entertainment at an admission price comparable to seats for the opera.

But, of course, the outward form has little to do with the case. A dozen artists—among them Fanny Brice herself—might set out to do exactly the same thing and fail utterly. No one has ever attempted the same thing here on the same scale, so that we have no standard by which to compare the results. Miss Brice has a touch of genius, and might succeed. It would be a fascinating experiment to watch. In the meantime, we do know that Meller has swept everything before her—defied prejudice and scepticism, won affection as well as applause. In what, then, does her particular art lie?

One approach to an answer is to record one's personal experience during her performance. I felt during the first half of her program that moderate enjoyment which comes from seeing a pleasing stage presence, an adequate use of gesture, a growing intimacy with the audience; and from hearing a familiar type of song sung in an agreeable though small voice, with great repose, excellent variety, and impeccable diction. But I was certainly not deeply stirred.

It remained for the second half of the program to cast the full spell over me. The songs themselves—or episodes, if you prefer to call them that—had greater variety and demanded a finer touch of characterization. Little by little, I began to feel the fire of an inner genius which could so alter and transform itself from minute to minute as to create a clear illusion of multiple personality. I began to grudge the passing minutes, to have that consciousness, which comes so seldom, that I was in the presence of greatness—greatness, to be sure, operating through the simplest and almost childlike forms, but none the less authentic and rare.

Nor do I think that my experience was very different from those around me. There was a distinct change in the quality of applause as the program advanced—a progress through pleasure to admiration, and at last to downright enthusiasm and self-forgetfulness. From this I think we can gather the particular quality of Meller's art—that which gives it the force of cumulative and accelerated emotion. Any one of her song-portraits might have been as well or possibly better done by someone else. But no one else—within my knowledge—could have done as well in all of them. That is the essential and distinguishing quality of her art—her power to empty herself completely of the person known as Señorita Meller, and to refill the vessel, one at a time, with a dozen different persons and to make these persons alive and understandable across the gap of footlights.

This is the essence, too, of all truly great acting—but with the difference that in a full-length rôle, the artist has the assistance of time, of plot, of dramatic action, and of the clash of other characters to bring the final portrait to its perfection. Señorita Meller has but a few minutes, alone, to accomplish what most actresses attempt in two hours with generous assistance. Moreover, as I said earlier, she does it against the blighting handicap of distinctly popular and undramatic music. And whereas the actress, under normal conditions, lives in the same rôle for days or weeks at a time, Meller must pass from one character to another in the space of a few minutes and become a dozen different characters in the lapse of two hours.

Meller does not achieve this result by merely superficial methods. Up to a certain point, make-up and costume can do much to give the semblance of changing personality. Some actors—never the great ones—seem to rely entirely on these means to gain their effects. But you can quickly detect mediocre work of this sort by its accompanying exaggerations in gesture, voice, and mannerism. Señorita Meller indulges in no exaggerations. Her artistry is that of great economy in surface changes. When she becomes a peasant girl, she gathers to herself the peasant nature of all ages and places. The surface is left to take care of itself. She throws her whole force into those qualities which are universal. If her costume is Spanish, her soul, for the moment, might be that of a peasant girl of France, or Roumania, or Holland. Just as in a thousand varieties of trees, you could never mistake a tree for a bird, so Meller makes it plain that in a dozen varieties of peasant costume, you could never mistake a peasant for an aristocrat or for a city-dweller. As she thinks and feels, so is she in her outer appearance; and her art is none other than that of being able to think and feel, not as herself, but as the universal type of the character she becomes. That her face and her body respond to the inner change she creates, is the happy accident which makes an effective artist out of one person; where others, with equally sensitive souls, perhaps, remain like caged birds, forever unable to give their message of human understanding to the world about them. Not every man with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the soul of a poet can put his dreams into words. That is the tragedy of thousands. The genius of a few is their ability to express the universal emotions of these mute thousands. Meller is one of those few—warm, articulate, understanding.

Brief Notes

THERE is an interesting contrast well worth noting in the current revivals of the two Gilbert and Sullivan operas, Pinafore and Iolanthe. The former has been staged as a vast spectacle with a consequent loss of that intimate quality which the Gilbert lyrics demand. Iolanthe, on the other hand, as staged by Winthrop Ames, is perhaps the most perfect piece of work of this kind I have ever seen. It will be reviewed more completely in these pages next week, and these few lines merely call attention to a production combining with most exquisite grace the two qualities of showmanship and theatrical poetry. A more delicious scene than the entrance march of the noble peers has seldom been staged by any producer. Mr. Ames can rightfully claim this as a masterpiece. There is only one difficulty in presenting American productions of Gilbert and Sullivan, and that lies in the diction of the average American actor. In the review, By the Way, mentioned below, I could not but notice how every single syllable enunciated by the English actors carried to the farthest reaches of the house, and without apparent effort. This is not true of the cast of Iolanthe. The lines are far more audible than in Pinafore, but still lack that crispness so essential to the full richness of Gilbert's wit.

THAT English review, By the Way, which crept so quietly into New York and ended by having a far more successful run than the more famous Charlot's Revue, is soon going to make its appearance in Boston and other cities. I had an opportunity of seeing the revised spring edition this week, and found it to be an utterly delightful evening's entertainment. Relatively speaking, it is the cleanest show of its kind that I have seen in many months, indicating once more the plain fact that it is not smut, but good clean humor and the work of fine artists that really keep the box-offices busy. The leading figures in this review are Miss Cecily Courtenidge and her husband, Jack Hulburt. They have a rare ability for informal entertainment.

Giants

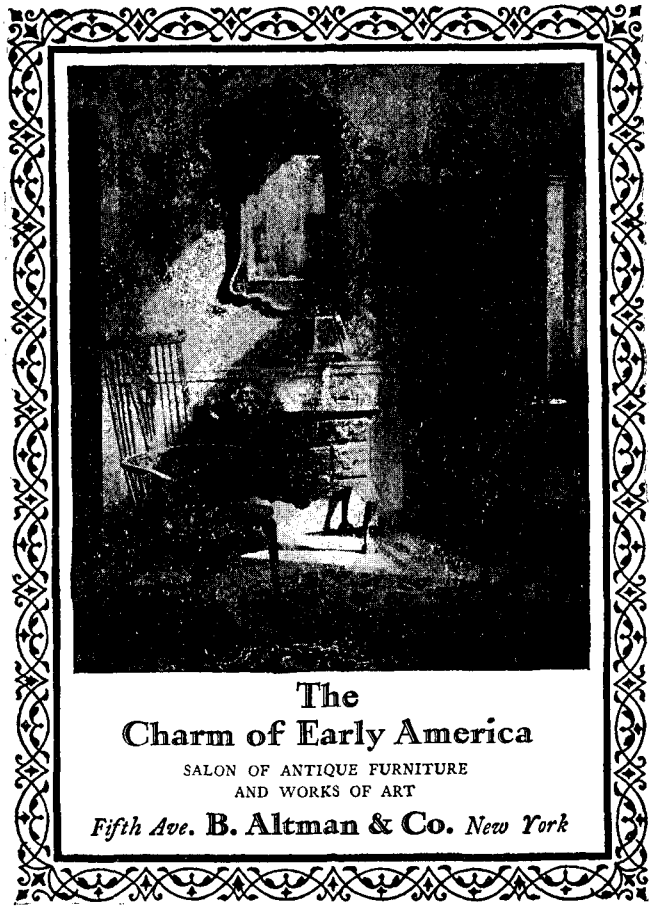
The blue in my small daughter's eyes
Is gentler than the summer skies,
And yet their gentleness can be
The might that makes a child of me.

Her shining hair is like the light
Which dawns behind a mountain-height;
And yet she comes with me to play
As if 'twere I that owned the day.

Her tiny hands can scarcely fold
The smallest locket in their hold;
And yet her fingers more than meet
Around my heart and its heart-beat.

I think I know what our Lord meant,
That heaven falls to the violent;
He must have thought of children who
Are giant-like to me and you.

DANIEL SARGENT.



WHAT COLLEGE THIS SEPTEMBER?

No more important question can be asked a parent when a son or daughter is about to graduate from high school. No better answer can be found than the one given in

WHY A CATHOLIC COLLEGE EDUCATION?

This booklet prepared by the Bureau of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference submits facts on college education which should be placed before every student about to complete high school training. The reasons for a college education, the choice of college, and all the other important elements involved in higher education are placed before student and parent so that they may be intelligently guided in their choice of college.

A copy should be in the hands of every Catholic high school student.

Ten Cents a Copy **Eight Dollars a Hundred**

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE CONFERENCE
Publications Department
1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

History of Mediaeval Philosophy, volume I, by Maurice De Wulf; translated by Ernest C. Messenger. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

MEDIAEVAL philosophy is the one department of western philosophic thought which still offers exciting adventures in research. While there will always be, of course, opportunity and necessity for reinterpretations of Classical, Cartesian, and Idealistic philosophies, the documentary material has either been long available, or as with the Greek physicists, Epicureans, and Stoics, quite hopelessly lost. In the field of mediaeval philosophy, on the other hand, the discovery of new texts and new personalities is going on steadily year by year with no signs of exhaustion. Whereas two decades ago the consideration of a score of names was considered sufficient for an understanding of the period, today literally hundreds are involved. One of the hardest tasks for the contemporary thinker is to keep up with mediaevalism.

The earlier edition of Professor De Wulf's History of Mediaeval Philosophy, translated by Dr. Coffey in 1909, has now been greatly extended by the author and entirely recast. Despite the elimination of the introductory section on Greek and Roman thought, it now runs to two volumes, of which the first comes down only as far as the philosophical system of Saint Thomas. The work is written primarily for scholars. It bristles with notes and quotations in every language. There are thirty-four pages of bibliography in this first volume alone. Professor De Wulf's detailed and accurate scholarship, profound learning, and subtlety of analysis are almost incredible. But while his reader is impressed with the thoroughness and finality of Professor De Wulf's work, he himself modestly writes: "Endeavors at an historical synthesis like that which we here attempt, must be of a provisional character. They resemble the planting on new land of a crop which is destined to be sacrificed, but which will fecundate the soil and prepare the way for the harvests of the future."

Professor De Wulf points out in his introduction the error of confusing mediaeval philosophy with scholasticism, which was only the strongest and the ultimately triumphant among many divergent systems, and the accompanying error of denying the originality of individual philosophers who, however much they might agree in their main tenets, nevertheless developed them in different ways and with differing results. He protests against the identification of mediaeval philosophy with Catholic theology. "It is unscientific to confuse mediaeval philosophy and theology. The mediaeval philosophic systems, like all philosophies, are synthetic and comprehensive explanations of the world and of the universal order of things in the light of human reason." He pertinently asks: "Were Descartes and Malebranche any less Catholic than Thomas Aquinas? And yet from the philosophic point of view what a distance there is between these thinkers." The distinction between the methods of philosophy and theology was insisted upon by the mediaeval thinkers. "In philosophy," wrote, for example, Saint Thomas, "the argument from authority is the weakest of arguments."

Professor De Wulf merely supports their own contention when he insists that their philosophy stood on its own feet. Furthermore, philosophy occupied a much more important place in mediaeval education than it does in education today. Professor De Wulf proves that it was not, as has been customarily asserted, simply one among the liberal arts (the dialectic of the trivium) but that it was studied as a separate subject midway between the liberal arts (trivium and quadrivium) and theology. In the threefold hierarchy—liberal arts, philosophy, theology—philosophy was considered more important than all the liberal arts put together. It would thus not be unfair to regard mediaevalism as the period of philosophy par excellence.

To attempt to discuss all the important philosophers treated of by Professor De Wulf is clearly impossible, but it is at least feasible to indicate briefly the main philosophic problems during this long period and the more important of the solutions which were offered. First in point of time as well as importance comes the question of monism or pluralism. Is the universe to be considered as substantially one, in which case pantheism is the logical religion, or as substantially many, in which case theism is possible? Mediaeval philosophy was, naturally, in its beginnings, strongly influenced by the monistic tendencies in the latest of the classical schools, that of Neo-Platonism, particularly in the Christianized form given to Neo-Platonic doctrines by Pseudo-Dionysius. The work of the first great mediaeval thinker, John Scotus Erigena, was essentially monistic and pantheistic in its implications, and is considered by Professor De Wulf to have been, not the beginning of scholasticism as is often claimed, but rather the beginning of that anti-scholasticism which scholasticism constantly opposed and finally conquered.

Professor De Wulf's main argument is thoroughly convincing. Since pantheism should logically deny the personality of God and the substantial individuality of the human soul, it strikes at two of the central doctrines of Christianity, and although Erigena did not himself draw these conclusions, the Church was a better logican than he when it condemned his teachings as heretical, as well as those of his later followers, David of Dinant and Amalric of Bene. But does not Professor De Wulf go much too far when he says: "Monism penetrates the vital doctrines of a philosophic system to such an extent that there remains nothing common between it and the corresponding solutions of pluralism"? The differences of opinion among competent philosophers as to whether Pseudo-Dionysius, Theodoric of Chartres, and Eckhart were ultimately monists or pluralists would seem to refute his statement. And, in fact, he himself emphasizes one thesis—that of exaggerated realism—held in common by Erigena and Saint Anselm, the latter of whom could hardly be accused of monism. The universe of discourse is surely not so strictly unified but that some of the same elements may appear in even the most opposed philosophic systems.

The monistic-pluralistic distinction, however, if not all-pervasive, is undoubtedly fundamental, and serves particularly to differentiate two types of mysticism prevalent in mediaeval and, indeed, in all times. From the monistic standpoint, the mystic union with God is taken literally as a substantial union, the natural culmination of the potential divinity of every man. Joachim of Flora and Ubertino of Casale were perhaps the most interesting of those who approached this point of view. But Professor De Wulf shows clearly that the majority of mediaeval mystics, and especially the greatest of them, Hugh of Saint Victor and Saint Bonaventure, considered the mystic union to be rather the beatific vision, precluding any merging of the divine and human substances and not to be attained either by natural growth or by merit but simply received as an unmerited gift of the grace of God. According to the first interpretation, the mystic becomes God; according to the second, he sees God. The one annihilates all distinctions and leads

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in practice to quietism or antinomianism; the other preserves distinctions, particularly the distinction between the Creator and the creature, finds the deepest humility in the highest ecstacy, and leads to deeds of mercy, sacrifice, and loving kindness.

That which was to become the central and distinguishing doctrine of pluralistic scholasticism was its conception of substance, which is still widely misunderstood and often identified with the utterly different dualistic thesis of Descartes. The notion of two substances, one physical and the other mental, unrelated yet interacting, which has been so rightly ridiculed by modern philosophy, cannot be justly derived from scholasticism by any stretch of inference. For scholastic pluralism there are, indeed, many substances, but not two distinct kinds, bifurcating and disrupting the universe. No more is the scholastic substance that vague, lumpish, material substratum underlying perceptible qualities that its opponents often assume it to be. It is defined as that which exists in itself in contrast with its attributes which can only exist in something else than themselves (as, for example, the substance "gold" actually exists in itself while its attributes, "yellow," "hard," etc., do not) but every terrestrial substance is composed of both matter (potentiality) and form (actualized pattern). A substance may be directly apprehended in a perception (as, to keep the same example, "gold" may be directly perceived) but in a perception which when reflectively analyzed yields only abstracted attributes ("yellow," "hard," etc.) which exist, indeed, in the actual object but exist there in an individual unity that reflection by its very nature cannot grasp. Furthermore, owing to its possession of unrealized potentialities, "substance is not an inert mass to which the accidents are fixed—as the gross imagination of Locke represented it—but a subject in a state of flux, affected constantly by changing attributes."

Such is, briefly, the epistemological theory of scholasticism, which claims thus to have explained the actual knowledge which we possess of a changing external world. It was only partially reached by the predecessors of Saint Thomas but was consistently worked out by him to the last and subtlest detail. Had it not been almost completely forgotten during the renaissance, had Thomas Aquinas rather than Descartes been "the father of modern philosophy," modern philosophy would be in a better condition today.

In harmony with their conception of substance, the scholastics conceived of a substantial ego, given as a datum of intuition, wherein the soul fulfils the function of form and the body that of matter. But the soul differs from other forms in its ability to recognize itself and them. "In his [man's] acts of abstract knowledge, the soul captures reality by depriving it of that which imprisons it in the corporeal and multiple. Hence it exercises an immaterial activity, that is to say, one independent of corporeal conditions. From this the scholastics conclude that the soul itself is immaterial and spiritual. . . . Being spiritual, it is simple. Being simple, it is beyond the reach of death, for corruption cannot dissolve it. Short of an annihilation willed by God, it naturally survives after death." With this conception in mind, it will be clear that certain recent psychologists who have rejected the soul because they could not find it with a microscope, have rejected, not the traditional soul, but what might be called "a soul of straw" set up to be knocked down. Thus one of the best of them, Professor Holt, writes: "The house of the brain is not haunted . . . the psychologist . . . may now examine the cerebral cortex, and even the pineal gland, without apprehending an uncanny

A Complete Panoramic History of Christian Rome and of the Papacy

THE POPE

By JEAN CARRÈRE

This brilliant work, which has aroused so much favorable comment abroad, is now presented to English readers in an excellent translation.

"Intellectual profit, apologetic interest, mental enjoyment, all advise the reading of this worthy and illuminating book."—*The Catholic World.*

"As an essay it is brilliant and masterly. The style is splendidly fascinating, sometimes enthusiastically dramatic."—*America.*

"To read this brief but exuberant book on the Papacy has been a pleasure."—*P. W. Wilson—New York Times Book Review.* Price, $3.50

From Your Bookseller or the Publishers

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

One Park Avenue, New York

OXFORD BOOKS ON DANTE

TUTTE LE OPERE di DANTE ALIGHIERI nuovamente rivedute nel testo dal Dr. E. Moore, con indice dei Nomi Propri e delle Cose Notabili, compilato dal Dr. Paget Toynbee. Fourth edition, $2.85; on Oxford India paper, $3.50. With Toynbee's Concise Dictionary of Proper Names, on Oxford India paper. $5.00.

THE VISION, or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, of Dante Alighieri. Translated by H. F. Cary. With 109 illustrations by John Flaxman. $1.50. Oxford Standard Authors' Series.

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA, nuovamente riveduta nel testo dal Dr. E. Moore, con indice dei Nomi Propri compilato dal Dr. Paget Toynbee. 1900. A large type reprint of the Oxford Text of the Commedia.

DANTIS ALIGHERII EPISTOLAE: THE LETTERS OF DANTE. Emended Text, with Introduction, Translation, Notes and Indices and Appendix on the Cursus, by Paget Toynbee. With index. $4.20.

STUDIES IN DANTE. *By* E. Moore. Series II, $5.00; Series III, $3.50; Series IV; with a preface by Dr. Paget Toynbee, $3.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

American Branch

35 West Thirty-Second Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surprise." "Of course," the scholastic would have replied 600 years ago, "but why waste time on such foolish apprehensions? Let's get back to philosophy."

The goal of philosophy for scholasticism was the knowledge of God, the first cause and final end of the created world. Besides the three arguments for the existence of God criticized by Kant, namely, "the ontological argument" of Saint Anselm, rejected in its literal form by most of the scholastics (the concept of a Perfect Being implies the existence of a Perfect Being) "the cosmological argument" (from the necessity of a logical first cause) and "the teleological argument" (from evidences of design) others were advanced, such as the argument from conscience (an absolute imperative is an implicit recognition of an absolute cause) and the argument from necessary judgments (similar in the purely intellectual field to the preceding in the field of volition). All of them may be considered as many-sided applications of the one fundamental principle that the nature of the given world forces us to infer the existence of its Creator.

These are only the main doctrines in that elaborately complex system of thought which came to constitute scholasticism. the product of innumerable minds working for centuries upon the same problems. Considerations of space forbid any discussion of such fascinating variations as Robert Grosseteste's Metaphysics of Light or Saint Bonaventure's development of the Augustinian theory of the rationes seminales, a kind of forecast of contemporary vitalism. Certain revaluations by Professor De Wulf of the leading mediaeval philosophers must, however, be mentioned. Abelard looms larger than ever, as does John of Salisbury, while in Jewish philosophy Avencebrol displaces Maimonides, and among the more immediate predecessors of Saint Thomas, William of Auvergne, Alexander of Hales, Grosseteste, Saint Bonaventure, John Peckham, and Peter John Olivi stand out as original, independent, and important thinkers. On the other hand, the stature of Albert the Great is considerably diminished: "his philosophical doctrines lack coherence" and "it is not unusual to find the philosopher defending opposite ideas in one and the same work."

It is impossible to criticize the quality of Mr. Messenger's translation fairly without the original before one, but in a passage on page 221 it seems safe to surmise that something has gone wrong: "the majority distinguished between the religion of cultivated people, based on the literal exegesis of the Koran, and the religion of the common people founded on its philosophic study." Surely the words "cultivated" and "common" must somehow have become transposed. This passage and a few typographical errors are, however, the only striking deficiencies in the manner of a book whose matter will place every student of philosophy for years to come under a debt of gratitude to its author.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

A History of English Literature, by Emile Legouis and L. Cazamian. Volume I: The Middle-Ages and the Renascence (650-1660) by Emile Legouis; translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

IT is always interesting and generally instructive to see our own literature viewed in the perspective of any foreign mind, and particularly so when that mind is French. For, as M. Emile Legouis in his A History of English Literature: The Middle-Ages and the Renascence, has no difficulty in showing us, the tongue of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton owes an immense debt to the Norman Conquest and to the clarity and frugality which it brought to an idiom that was growing obscure from the very volume of its decorations.

In his opening chapter M. Legouis explains the peculiar glamor that inheres in the early Saxon metrical versions of the civil wars which were just as endemic, though English writers are inclined to gloze over the subject, in England of the heptarchy as in Ireland at the same date. "It is a literature compiled by clerks, but by clerks whose fathers were warriors and vikings, and who were very near the surviving memories of the warlike age. The word 'battle,' the thought of prowess, awoke irrepressible ardors in them. It cost them little effort to call up the manners and the scenes of so remote a past."

One of the themes most favored by these writers of long ago has practically disappeared as a motive from the literature of the northern races, though it still survives among the Latins, especially in Spain. This is friendship, not as a lukewarm exchange of good offices, but as a passion only a little less intense than that between man and woman. In The Wanderer, an elegiac poem of the sixth century, a young thegn, forced into exile by the death of his liege lord, dreams thus of his old life:

> "And it seemeth to him in spirit, that he seeth his man-lord,
> Clippeth him and kisseth him, on his knee he layeth
> Hands and head alike, as when he from hour to hour
> Erewhile, in the old days, did enjoy the gift-stool.
> Then the friendless man forthwith doth awaken
> And he sees before him only fallow waves
> And sea-birds a-bathing, broadening out their plumes."

M. Legouis has a lance to break against the school, of comparatively recent date, who are looking for the roots of English literature in Anglo-Saxon rather than Anglo-Norman soil. Both are necessary prefaces, he admits, to the study of English, but of the two "French is far more indispensable than the Anglo-Saxon to the comprehension of its final form." And again: "Complete ignorance of Anglo-Saxon poetry is no barrier to understanding Chaucer, but to be ignorant of French mediaeval poetry is to be entirely unacquainted with Chaucer's literary origin."

Clarity—light rather than the color with which the native tongue was already overloaded, is what the French critic sees as the main literary contribution of the Norman Conquest. "To turn from Beowulf, or even the Battle of Maldon, to the Chanson de Roland," he declares, "is to come out of darkness into light." And in an introductory chapter to Chaucer, in whom alike the literary genius and the literary vehicle of English poem and romance were to be fixed, there are whole paragraphs which deserve quotation for their insight into the destiny that waits upon the tongues of all mankind.

"From the time at which it is first known, Anglo-Saxon is a traditional language, with a style already inclining to decadence. It possesses the accumulated wealth of a long life. Its remoteness from the object or idea it expresses is seen in the very sumptuosity of the decoration. The literary ornaments are so many veils, which prevent contact with things rarely denoted by their simple name. . . . But after the long winter which ensued on the Norman Conquest it had a season of renewal. It sprang again to life, bereft, stripped naked, prosaic, pedestrian, glued to facts. . . . And when,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the advent of Chaucer, the language of English poetry had completed its initiation, the fine slightness and bareness of its framework were still distinctly perceptible. . . . Poetic language had begun again at the very beginning in order to make itself what it was and what it still is."

One of the cardinal principles of English literary criticism two generations ago was that the Gallic mind is temperamentally unfitted to appreciate Shakespeare. The misunderstanding probably arose from the reluctance of the French intellect, which is a very stubborn, a very neat and very synthetic affair, to admit the pretensions to an infinity of genius which Matthew Arnold embodied once for all in his famous sonnet: "Others abide our question." Contemporary native criticism, one fancies, is more chastened. It is even granted, grudgingly perhaps, that a foreign literary historian, approaching the great master, may be saved, through the very remoteness of his early training, from the susceptibility that beclouds judgment. M. Legouis, at least, feels no need to be overawed. In considering Shakespeare's philosophy as a whole, he does not seem to be conscious of uttering any paradox when he states that, in his opinion, nothing that could be called a system exists, if only because such a thing was incompatible with the directions in which his genius overflowed.

"The miracle is not in the abstract thoughts his works contain, but in that extraordinary pliability which let him put the most divergent, most striking, and most ingenious arguments in the mouths of his characters in support of their passions or interests. . . . These scattered reflections . . . derive strength from their appropriateness. But it is vain to hope, by putting them together, to attain to a higher wisdom which was the poet's. . . . Their number is commensurate only with the diversity of human judgments, and reveals only the playwright's marvelous versatility and his consciousness of the relative nature of all things."

In their modest preface, the authors of what is, from many points of view, a monumental work, inform us that their book was intended for French readers alone and that they were only persuaded to a translation by the very general demand that reached them from scholars in England for a version in the vernacular. The book, as it stands, hardly needs anything even so slightly in the nature of an apology. In its general insight, its restatement of many things which those who have been "nurtured" on a literature too often take for granted, this latest French history of English literature is a worthy successor to those by M. Taine and M. Jusserand, and, covering as it does aesthetic ground that did not fall within the scope of either the deterministic philosophy of the one or the historical sense of the other, its place upon English and American book-shelves is assured it in advance.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Edgar Allan Poe, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

A BIOGRAPHER who drew a long breath before he undertook to wrestle with the strange spirit he wished to bring inside the margins of reality, Mr. Krutch deserves the respect of all who have been concerned with Poe. The available material has been examined scrupulously; lacunae have been explored and, wherever possible, bridged over with a kind of honest psychological engineering; and the critical survey of what others have written about the subject is thorough and remarkably impartial. Indeed the book, though in some

PORTSMOUTH SCHOOL

PORTSMOUTH, R. I. *(Eight miles north of Newport)*

To be opened by the Benedictine Fathers of the English Congregation, Sept. 28th, 1926. These fathers conduct Downside and Ampleforth Schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland.

Six Years' Course ***College Preparatory***

For further information, apply to

Very Rev. F. WULSTAN KNOWLES (Prior) O.S.B., or Rev. J. HUGH DIMAN, O.S.B. (*Head Master*)
St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW

An illustrated critical review covering all that is best in Catholic art of the past and the present.

ARCHITECTURE—PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART —LITURGICAL ART—MUSIC—POETRY—THEATRE

Published every two months

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
13 Maple Street **London, W. 1, England**
Price: $3.00 *per annum, post free*

OUR LADY OF LOURDES CAMP ASSOCIATION

A Camp for Catholic Boys
and
A Camp for Catholic Girls
(Age Limits Eight to Eighteen)

Livingston Manor, Sullivan Co., New York

1000 Acres, Mountain, Meadow, Forest.
Each camp located on its own lake.
Boating, Bathing, Athletic Sports.
Priest in residence at each camp.

Terms—Fifteen Dollars Weekly

O. L. L. CAMP FOR GIRLS
June 24th to September 2nd

CAMP ACADIA FOR BOYS
June 25th to September 3rd

For prospectus and further information address

The Right Rev. JOS. H. McMAHON, Ph.D.
DIRECTOR
468 West 143rd Street **New York City**
Telephone, Edgecomb 5820

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respects sensational, manages always to preserve the flavor of scholarly curiosity which dignified its beginnings. You know as you read that no line has been carelessly set down.

And yet the peculiar effect of the work is to make one ask: "Where, in the midst of all this, is Poe?" That one favor which every biography of the first rank confers—the favor of showing the man as he lived and presenting him for judgment—is conspicuously absent here. Mr. Krutch appears, instead, with a series of theories, to each of which Poe is neatly adjusted quite in the same way as ready-made clothes are fitted to a somewhat unusual figure. The most important of these seems to have been suggested by Baudelaire (who is quoted) and has to do with morbid sex repression. Poe's bizarre purity was the result, we are led to believe, of an "inhibition" which not only made him "morbidly sexless" but beyond any question a "true dypsomaniac, one, that is to say, whose drunkenness, sporadic and apparently inexplicable, is the result of a diseased soul." Well, admittedly, one guess is as good as another; but it is queer that diagnosis, which physicians say is the most difficult part of medicine, succeeds so easily and remarkably when applied to the psychic condition of a man long since dead. I must say that Mr. Krutch's adventure into Freudian analysis is to me the least satisfactory of his theories. It seems logical to suppose that Poe's attitude toward sex—and precisely what that was we shall never know—was the result, not the cause, of the way in which he chose to live. Grant an unusually sensitive young man, born a poet with rare metaphysical cravings, and it is not so difficult to imagine how he might try to sublimate what was considered idealistic in his environment and perish in the attempt. Possibly such a vision of Poe might dim, also, certain other hypotheses ventured by Mr. Krutch.

Nor is it possible to concede entirely the point that Poe was utterly aloof from his race and time. Were not other Virginians, Edward Pinkney and John Banister Tabb for instance, passionately individualistic in something of the same fashion? Possibly Father Tabb, whose resentment of Harry Thurston Peck's idea of Poe cannot have been completely submerged by time, might have found the young Virginian's sense of superiority and hunger for spiritual comradeship easier to understand, less perplexing, than the psychic analyst finds them. For though there can be no question that living unsettled and demoralized Poe, it may possibly be that Camille Mauclair, the most recent of French biographers, is not wholly incorrect when he calls the author of The Raven a "Hamlet lost in a nation of Poloniuses." But though Mr. Krutch's theories often seem of dubious value, there is no doubting either the reasonableness with which he propounds them or the fine literary discrimination that appears to excellent advantage, for instance, in the discussion of Poe's Philosophy of Composition.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Here and Beyond, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

AMONG the stories which Mrs. Wharton has grouped under the title, Here and Beyond, are many high up in the realm of the extraordinary, both as to matter and treatment. The first three in the group deal with the psychic and the supernatural. Of these, the third story, Bewitched, is laid among the uncouth, reticent people of the New England backwoods. The tale develops in plain, realistic narrative, with economy of word and description, yet it grows, and grows, till it wraps us in the chilly grip and horror of the supernatural and the gruesome. The mere reiteration, in Mrs. Rutledge's dead-level tones—"I seen 'em! Ain't I seen 'em!" brings conviction of the realness of the haunting dead. No hysterics or wringing of hands could have added to the finality. And, when the ghost is laid, there is no need to tell that the ghastly solution is entirely to the woman's satisfaction. The clear tone with which, riding home from the funeral, she directs the driver to "call round to Pringle's and get a box of soap" is sufficient to show us that to her, now, all is well with the world.

Mrs. Wharton builds up her stories much as a skilled playwright handles his drama—no long monologues or speeches of explanation and analysis, but easy, cleverly-pointed dialogue, a few terse stage directions to experienced actors, and the characters reveal themselves, the plot is unfolded. So it is with Mrs. Wharton's art—the simple means productive of great effect, the lack of affectation in vocabulary or turn of phrase, the justness of the right word in the right place, give one a sense of sheer joy in reading the two stories which open the psychic group, sad though they are. The first of these—Miss Mary Pask—is the shortest in the book. One begins to gasp at the third page and is led breathless through many succeeding ones. It has a less gruesome solution than Bewitched, yet the very bathos is its tragedy.

The Young Gentleman deals with the vagaries of heredity, and is not a tale to be recommended to apprehensive young mothers. But the description of the old New England coast town, and the summer visitors who "discover" it, is delightful. A hint of mystery sharpens the interest up to the pitiful last scenes. And how pitiful they are! It seems almost a sacrilege to have uncovered them. Yet it was characteristic of that old New England to hide the family skeletons in the closet, not forseeing that, after a lifetime of watchfulness, fate will some day outwit them and open the door behind their backs for all the world to look in. But the pity of it hurts long after the story is finished—perhaps the best tribute one can pay to the writer's vivid art.

The Seed of Faith gives the same sense of the march of impending tragedy that is in Bewitched, though the scene is laid in far-off Africa amid Mohammedans and missionaries. It is descriptive of futile years, ending in a futile reparation that is wholly heroic. Fortunately for the reader the remaining tales are lighter in touch, The Temperate Tone being an amusingly cynical story of disillusioned hero-worship, while Velvet Ear-pads is frankly farce, bright with humor and originality—a sort of escalator by which we are returned lightly to our everyday earth.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES PHILLIPS has been a special correspondent in Russia, Poland, and Mexico. He is a member of the English department of Notre Dame University, and the author of The New Poland, and The Doctor's Wooing.

REV. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P., is the author of The Dominicans in History, and Dominican Devotion, and the editor of the Rosary Magazine.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER is a contributor of poetry to current magazines, and has recently received the C. B. Blanden prize for blank verse.

REV. FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J., is the author of a number of devotional works and a book on Art Principles in Literature.

HELEN PARRY EDEN is an English poet, and the author of Bread and Circuses, Coal and Candle-light, The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary, and A String of Sapphires.

DANIEL SARGENT, critic and poet, is the author of Our Gleaming Days, and The Road to Welles-Perennes.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is a special writer on education and literature.

PAUL CROWLEY is a literary critic for the American reviews.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER is an American musician and author, whose works include Espiritu Santo, Faith Brandon, and Their Choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Mr. Cyril B. Egan," announced Dr. Angelicus, "always a welcome voice in the library, has sent me a most amazing and interesting chronicle, which I should like to read to you."

"Bravo!" cried Miss Brynmarian and the Editor in a breath, and the Doctor began:

* * *

"Mr. Ballantyne Glenn had given heaven ten minutes. No—not a second more. Mr. Glenn was a busy man; a man of affairs. In half an hour he must have lunch with his publisher. After that, he must be about his writing; after that, dinner with a debunking historian who should provide him with much necessary data for a biography he was undertaking in his spare moments (if any) and after that—to a party given by Grayling, sprightly columnist of the Blade. Hence it was that Ballantyne Glenn could only give heaven ten minutes to strike him dead. It was ten to eleven now. At eleven o'clock sharp, the bid would be closed. If at one minute after eleven, the Powers wished to strike Mr. Glenn dead, they would undoubtedly find the gentleman out, insulated, or in conference. Ten minutes. . . .

"Mr. Ballantyne Glenn held his watch—the congregation held their breath—and it was so silent in that hospitable temple (where even the most radical thinkers were asked to air their views from the pulpit) that every tick of the big clock on the choir-loft could be plainly heard. . . . Ten minutes!

"Time precious as that snatched by the condemned before the execution; swift-winged as the soldier's breathless preface to the zero hour.

"The sceptical smiled. The unsanguine, but pious, of the congregation shook their heads—it was such a short time to give heaven to assert itself. And yet—did not Omnipotence dwell there? The weakest of faith trembled a little. A few minutes' time, and their God might be non-existent. But oh, what a triumph if this arrogant fellow should be struck dead! Still, he did not look so arrogant. Very modest and matter-of-fact he appeared as he stood there in the pulpit, gazing on his watch for all the world like a jeweler indifferently appraising its surface worth. . . . The choir clock ticked.

"Up in heaven the clocks which reported mundane time to the celestial, ticked also—but with a louder and more insistent note than that heard on earth. Whereas, over the little all-welcoming church, and almost over the strokes of its clock, there prevailed the dread hush of anticipated annihilation; here in Paradise all was bustle and confusion and noisy clamor. For the Archangel Michael had said (at ten minutes to eleven, stifling a yawn):

"'I am getting a bit tired of this sort of thing'; and he had called in his secretary, asking him:

"'Azrael, since the beginning of time, how many have there been to put in their request for a sudden and dogma-demonstrative death?' And Azrael had answered, upon ruffling the pages of his encyclopaedic notebook:

"'Excellency, this request is the thousand-and-first.'

"'Dear, dear—as many as that! Then tell Ilo that he may answer this one!'

"Now the angel, Ilo, was as tall as three cathedrals; and he was heaven's blacksmith.

"'Ilo,' said Michael, when the former had come to him, 'will you kindly, within ten minutes' time, forge me a thunderbolt, carry it out to the edge of heaven, and hurl it upon the

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
85th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

Rings on your Toes . . . .

and bells on . . . .
Your feet . . . .
And Corns . . . .
or Bunions . . . .
If you wear . . . .
and forbear . . . .
Improper Shoes . . . .
Therefore . . . .
Always select . . . .
The Correct . . . .
and corrective . . . .
PEDIFORME . . . .
Shoes that fit . . . .

the feet . . . .
There's style . . . .
too—to these . . . .
Better shoes . . . .
and Doctors . . . .
say they're the . . . .
kind all Men . . . .
Women and Children . . . .
Should wear . . . .
A PEDIFORME . . . .
For every use . . . .
So Send for . . . .
STYLE BOOK K.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 West 36th Street, New York
322 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP SWASTIKA

(For Boys 8-18) **Manitowish, Wisconsin.**

Motor launch, out-board motors, row-boats, canoes, *horses,* athletic fields. Competent staff, including *resident priest* and physician. Meals bountiful and scientifically planned. A Close-to-Nature with *home care.* Personally conducted by Professor and Mrs. Hardee Chambliss. Room 206, The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

CAMP ON-TI-ORA IN THE CATSKILLS

A SUPERIOR CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS

Horseback Riding, Swimming, Tennis, Field Sports, Camping Trips, Handcraft, Dancing. *For illustrated catalogue address*

MISS JOSEPHINE COWHEY

1061 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City

Telephone, Billings 4370

SETON HILL

"The Tiffany of Women's Colleges"

GREENSBURG, PA. ***43 minutes from Pittsburgh***

MOUNT DE SALES ACADEMY

At CATONSVILLE, five miles from Baltimore

Under the supervision of the Sisters of the Visitation

Courses in Music, Languages and College Preparatory

Write Directress for Catalogue

Affiliated with the Catholic University of America

RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS

ELEVATORS

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON

EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY

BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

It Has Everything a Camp Should Have

BERCHMANS BOWER

STRAFFORD BOW LAKE NEW HAMPSHIRE — A MOUNTAIN-LAKE CAMP FOR BOYS

Permanent Buildings. Resident Chaplain

300 Acres of Play Land, Golf, Horseback Riding and All Other Outdoor Activities.

$250 per season. Send for illustrated circular to

B. W. FEENEY, 1004 Grand Central Terminal, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CLASON MILITARY ACADEMY

Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States.

A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Approved by the Regents of New York State

Conducted by the Christian Brothers

Address: **Sound View Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.**

head of Mr. Ballantyne Glenn, who now stands in the pulpit of the Liberal Christ church of the municipality of Wush-Kush, Alabama, in the United States? You know the place, Ilo?'

" 'Indeed, Excellency, I do,' boomed Ilo. 'I had occasion, only the other day, amidst a raging thunderstorm, to sour 700 gallons of watered milk which lay consigned in the creamery next door.'

" 'Good,' said Michael quietly, 'to your task, then.'

"But calm as Michael seemed, he was not so within. In fact, no one in heaven was calm but the One. There was terrific excitement. Like the wind, Ilo flew to his smithy and put a thousand angels at work on the forging of the thunderbolt. Outside the smithy, the heavenites talked and talked, glancing anxiously between sentences at their watches.—Five minutes had passed; there were but five to go. Why didn't the workers hurry faster? Didn't they know the prestige of heaven was at stake?

"Clang! That was the finishing stroke in the fashioning of the bolt, 'powerful enough,' as Ilo described it half a minute later, when he had lugged it for inspection before the Archangelic throne, 'to flatten out a mountain, and yet of such an attenuated selectivity that there need be no fear lest any but the one man be destroyed in that church!'

" 'Good,' said Michael. 'Hurry now, Ilo!'

"And Ilo hurried; sped with the swiftness of one of his own thunderbolts to the edge of heaven. It was then, by earth-time, three minutes to eleven.

"And Michael, with fingers drumming in anxious tattoo upon the arms of his heaven-seat, watched the great earth-clock which hung from a cloud over his secretary's desk. Three minutes to eleven. . . . Yes, Ilo would be on the brink now.

"Two minutes to eleven. And Ilo should have finished the study of his earth-map, and located his target—and now he should have aligned the eye of the target. Well—why was he holding the bolt? Why did he not hurl it, instantly? Why, oh why, did the Archangel hear no thunder? Michael hearkened—and hearkened.

"One minute to eleven. And still no thunder. . . . One-half minute to eleven; and still not a sound of the blighting bolt. And still no thunder—and still no thunder. The face of Michael grew dark. . . .

"Eleven! Bing-bong, bing-bong. The clock struck, the chimes rang, in heaven and on earth; before the throne of God, the chair of the Archangel, and high in the steeple above the heads of the Wush-Kush Liberal congregation. Bing-bong. . . . And the roar of the heavenly bolt was not intermingled with them. Bing-bong, bing-bong, bing-bong. Ten strokes of grace Mr. Ballantyne Glenn gave heaven; then pocketed his watch with the discreetest smile.

" 'Well?' said Michael, angrily frowning when Ilo had come before his throne to report upon the failure of his mission.

"The angel hung his head. 'I located the place, Excellency.'

"There was a long silence in which the only break was the buzz of a fly, admitted to heaven for a life of blameless purity and now sailing in seraphic triumph around and around. The buzz grew in clamor, became annoying. A giant attendant sought vainly to espy the midge that he might effectually squelch him.

" 'But,' groaned Ilo, 'I could not see the man!' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED